Hon. John W. Foster on the Monroe Doctrine

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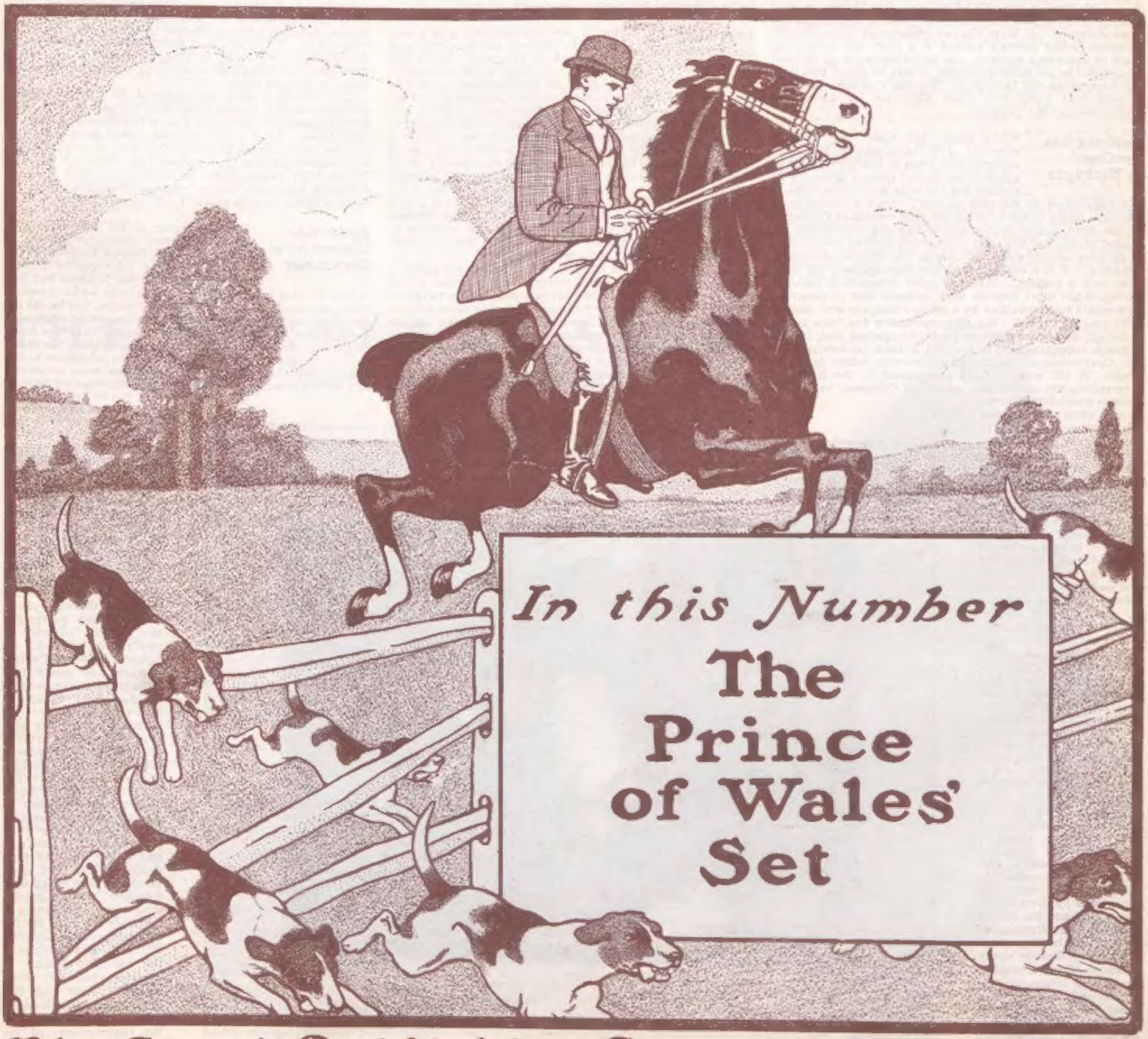

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THE MONROE DOCTRINE—ITS ORIGIN AND AUTHOR. By Hon. John W. Foster

IN THE disparagement of American diplomacy, quite common in Europe, and not unknown on this side of the Atlantic, it has been said that the United States has no fixed foreign policy, and that the attitude of our Government in our international relations is likely to be changed with each Congress, or at least with every Presidential election. Whatever basis there may be for this criticism, there is one principle or policy very vitally affecting our foreign relations which, announced more than three-quarters of a century ago, has been uniformly recognized by every succeeding Administration and firmly maintained whenever circumstances made it necessary. I refer to what is popularly known as the Monroe Doctrine, a declaration made in the annual message of President Monroe in 1823, which, broadly stated, is the non-intervention of European Governments in the political affairs of the American hemisphere.

At the time of its proclamation, Thomas Jefferson, our most astute politician, said, in prophetic language: "It sets our compass and points the course which we are to steer through the ocean of time opening on us." Whoever has held the helm of the ship of state since that day has not dared or wished to turn the compass away from the pole-star of non-intervention. If any variance has occurred it has been in pointing it more nearly toward that pole-star. In other words, with the lapse of time, the principle enunciated by President Monroe has proved so wise that it has become ingrained in the policy of the country and its application has been enlarged. A keen English observer of trans-Atlantic institutions has recently termed it a fixed and permanent state of American opinion. As an evidence of its general acceptance by all political classes, it may be noted that both the Republican and Democratic National Conventions of the present year inserted in their platforms an unreserved indorsement of the Doctrine.

Applying it to the Canal in Nicaragua

While there has been this general approval of the principle, it has often occurred that when it has been sought to apply it to special cases a diversity of opinion has arisen as to the correctness of the application to the case in hand. Such a condition of affairs is likely to arise during the next session of Congress. It has been almost universally recognized throughout the United States that the great commercial need of our country is an inter-oceanic ship-canal across the isthmus of Central America. It is a subject which has been agitated for more than half a century. While of great prospective national utility, it has until recently been believed that its construction would be undertaken by a private company and mainly with private capital. But this expectation has been disappointing, and it now seems to be recognized that, if this gigantic enterprise is to be realized, it must be executed by the Government of the United States with public funds or credit. A bill to that effect was passed by the House of Representatives at the last session of Congress, but action upon it was deferred by the Senate until a report upon the best route could be made by an official commission of experts. It is understood that this report will be ready to submit to Congress when it reassembles in December next, and that it will be in favor of the Nicaragua route. It will then be in order for the Senate to take up the bill passed by the House at the last session, and an earnest effort will be made to pass it. But a serious diplomatic or international difficulty stands in the way.

In 1850, by what is known as the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, the United States and Great Britain entered into a compact that neither of them would ever exercise any exclusive control over or fortify such a canal, or obtain the control over or ownership of any portion of the territory through which such canal should pass. The pending bill for the construction of the Nicaraguan Canal is in violation or disregard of the stipulations of this treaty. To overcome that difficulty a treaty was negotiated by Secretary of State Hay and the British Ambassador in Washington in February last, by which the Clayton-Bulwer treaty was so modified as to allow the United States to construct and manage the canal, but not to fortify it or acquire ownership over the territory; and the two Powers stipulate in the pending treaty that the canal when constructed shall be neutralized, so that the merchant and war vessels of all nations shall freely pass through it, in time of peace and war, on equal terms. The Hay-Pauncefote treaty was reported from the Committee on Foreign Relations with an amendment authorizing the United States to take such measures as it may think necessary "for securing, by its own forces, the defense of the United States and the maintenance of public order."

If the Hay-Pauncefote treaty should be passed, with the amendment, by the necessary two-thirds vote in the Senate, and the amendment should be accepted by Great Britain, the diplomatic difficulty would be removed and the way made clear for the passage of the Nicaraguan Canal bill. But serious objection has been made to this treaty, because it is alleged that it is in violation of the Monroe Doctrine by its admission of a European Power to participation in the management of political interests in the Western Hemisphere, and in the settlement of an American question of paramount importance to the United States. The Democratic national platform adopted at Kansas City in July last contains the following: "We condemn the Hay-Pauncefote treaty as a surrender of American rights and interests, not to be tolerated by the American people." It is also understood that there are a number of Republican Senators who will oppose the treaty unless the amendment proposed is adopted.

Impending Discussion by Congress

There is also a possibility that a new phase of the Monroe Doctrine may soon be presented to Congress. Mr. Bryan announced, in accepting the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, that if he were elected he would at once convoke Congress in extraordinary session to consider the Philippine question, and that he would propose to that body to grant to the inhabitants of those islands an independent government, and to extend to them the principle of the Monroe Doctrine, by which European influence in their political affairs or destiny would be prohibited. Whether he be elected or not, this program will doubtless be advocated in Congress by many of his adherents. We have also a further suggestion for a still broader enlargement of the principle. The Chinese Minister in Washington has recently gravely urged that it would be to the interest of the United States to extend the application of the Monroe Doctrine to the whole of Asia.

The limits allotted to this article will not permit a discussion of the Hay-Pauncefote treaty in its relation to the Nicaraguan Canal, nor of Mr. Bryan's proposition to extend the Monroe doctrine to the Philippines; but as these subjects are certain to occasion animated debate in the coming Congress and to attract the attention of the entire country, it may be of interest to recall the origin and the authorship of this great principle, which has become a settled policy of our Government in its foreign relations. It did not, like Minerva springing full-armed from the brain of Jove, have its origin in the pen of President Monroe in 1823, but it was the outgrowth of the nation's development, and gradually assumed the form in which it finally appeared in his message. The Declaration of Independence breathed its spirit. A suggestion of it is found in the writings of one or more of our public men before the organization of the Government under the Constitution. It is a necessary corollary of Washington's Farewell Address. During Jefferson's Administration he announced, in his correspondence, the principle of European non-intervention in the affairs of Cuba; and, in 1820, he suggested to a South American gentleman that it might be applied to the rising states of that continent.

The occasion of the promulgation of the Doctrine was the attitude of what is known as the Holy Alliance, a coalition of Russia, Austria, Prussia and France to maintain monarchial institutions. These allies had sent a large army into Spain and by force restored the dethroned King to power, and it was understood that they proposed to follow up this step by an effort to overthrow the recently-organized Spanish-American republics, and to reinstate the authority of the King of Spain over his revolted American subjects.

Authorship Claimed by an Englishman

The authorship of the declaration has been attributed, respectively, to four men—Jefferson, George Canning, President Monroe and John Quincy Adams. There is no doubt that Jefferson had conceived the idea involved in the principle, as we have seen in his suggestion as to Cuba and South America, but he did not formulate the principle in words nor give public expression to his views. When the annual message of 1823 was being prepared and was under discussion in the Cabinet, the diplomatic correspondence and documents were submitted to Mr. Jefferson by the President and his views were requested. His answer was a hearty concurrence in the proposed declaration, but he had no immediate part in its initiation.

George Canning, the British Secretary for Foreign Affairs, in a speech delivered in the House of Commons three years after the Doctrine was announced in Monroe's message, made the following boastful utterance: "I called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old." This was taken to be a claim to the authorship of the principle, the enunciation of which had guaranteed the Spanish colonies in their independence. So careful a student as Charles Sumner has stated that "the Monroe Doctrine proceeded from Canning," and that he was "its inventor, promoter and champion, at least so far as it bears against European intervention in American affairs." But a careful examination of the diplomatic correspondence of our Minister in London, Mr. Rush, of the biographies of Mr. Canning, and of the diary of John Quincy Adams, will show that this claim is not well founded. Mr. Canning did oppose the intervention of the Holy Alliance for the restoration of the authority of the King of Spain over the Spanish colonies in America, but Mr. Rush makes it clear that this motive was not founded upon a desire to establish the independence of the

HON. JOHN W. FOSTER at his old desk in the Diplomatic Room at Washington

new republics, but purely on the interests of British commerce. He did propose that the United States and Great Britain unite in a protest against the intervention of the Holy Alliance in Spanish-American affairs, but when Mr. Rush asked that there should also be included a recognition of the independence of the Colonies, Mr. Canning withdrew the proposition, and never again renewed it.

It is shown by Mr. Canning's biographies that he combated some parts of the Doctrine as contained in the message of 1823, and that he was unfriendly to democratic institutions. When Canning's proposal to Rush was submitted by the President to the Cabinet for consideration, Adams strongly opposed any joint action with England, saying: "It would be more candid, as well as more dignified, to avow our principles explicitly to Russia and France, than to come in as a cock-boat in the wake of the British man-of-war." Canning made it plain to his friends that he cherished no good will toward the American Secretary of State, as he was accustomed to refer to him as "that scoundrel Adams."

James Monroe was the putative author of the Doctrine, as he gave it first public utterance in his annual message to Congress. His biographer, President Gilman, says: "I do not suppose that he regarded this announcement as his own. . . . It appears to me probable that Monroe had but little conception of the lasting effect which his words would produce." In no part of his writings or private correspondence, so far as known, did he claim to be its author; and the detailed account of the circumstances of its adoption, as recorded at the time, in the diary of Adams, shows that he, at best, merely edited with slight amendments Adams' draft of it. Nevertheless, President Monroe has well earned the association of his name with the Doctrine which has been so beneficial to his country and to this hemisphere, and is entitled to great credit for having proclaimed it to the world at the opportune moment in the life of the nation.

We have seen that Canning's proposal to Rush for the joint protest of the two Governments against the intervention of the Holy Alliance in American affairs was submitted by President Monroe to his Cabinet. Adams' diary shows that it occasioned a long and animated discussion, continuing through frequent sessions from November 7th to the 27th. The part of the annual message relating to European nations, as it had been drafted and submitted to the Cabinet, was very different from the message as it was finally given to Congress. The redraft of that portion of the message was drawn by Secretary Adams, and when presented to the Cabinet met with little favor, but, after a prolonged discussion, the President was won over to Adams' views, and, with some unimportant modifications suggested in the Cabinet conferences, it was adopted.

If, as his biographer says, Monroe had but little conception of the lasting effect which his words would produce, the situation was very different with Adams. In giving an account of his last conference with the President, on November 27, when the latter acquiesced in his draft, Adams records in his diary: "I added [to the President], by way of apology for the solicitude that I felt on the subject, that I considered this as the most important paper that ever went from my hands."

The circumstances under which the Monroe Doctrine was adopted and introduced into the message of 1823 were the subject of discussion in the Senate years after its promulgation. In 1848 President Polk recommended to Congress the occupation of Yucatan, on the ground that the white people who were unable to protect themselves from the savage Indians had asked to be incorporated into the United States; that unless we took the country under our protection it would be occupied by Great Britain or some other European nation, and that such action on our part was justified by the Monroe Doctrine. The proposal awakened an animated debate in the Senate, in the course of which the chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations narrated a lengthy interview which he had held with John Quincy Adams a short time before his death, which had occurred only a few months previous to the debate. Among other statements relative to the circumstances attending the promulgation of the Doctrine, the chairman narrated that Mr. Adams said he was requested by President Monroe to reduce the principle to writing; that the next day he returned to the President the declaration, which, with possibly a few slight verbal alterations, was incorporated in the message; and that it was unknown to the other members of the Cabinet until it appeared in the message.

Mr. Calhoun, the only surviving member of Mr. Monroe's Cabinet, participated in the debate, and denied that the Doctrine could be properly applied to the Yucatan case. In that connection he referred to the reported statements of Mr. Adams; he said he recollected, "as distinctly as any event of my [his] life," the circumstances attending the adoption of the clause in the message of 1823, and the only qualification he put upon the Adams interview was that the latter must have been incorrectly reported in saying that the declaration was unknown to the other members of the Cabinet. He did not deny the claim of Adams as its author. If that claim was unfounded he would not have failed to say so. Adams' diary shows that Calhoun was his chief opponent in the Cabinet discussion of the declaration. The disrespectful terms in which he frequently refers to Mr. Calhoun as "perfectly moon-struck," "Calhoun's extravaganzas," etc., indicate that there was a bitterness of feeling which would have been remembered, and the claim of authorship would not have passed unchallenged.

While, therefore, this great and distinctive principle of American diplomacy is properly termed the Monroe Doctrine, because it was James Monroe who, at the critical moment, assumed the responsibility of publishing it to the world, the credit for its formulation into precise and emphatic language is due to the experienced diplomat and staunch American, John Quincy Adams.

Making Money in the Holy Land

IN THE Bible, Palestine is described as a land flowing with milk and honey. In both respects it is singularly bare at the present day, but some progress is taking place, and enough has been done to show what could be done if the country had a government that would favor industry instead of crushing it. The tale of the Baldenspergers, told in a recent report by Mr. Selah Merrill, United States Consul at Jerusalem, illustrates the situation with gleams of humor rarely found in an official report, and which appear in this one not from the intention of the writer, but from the farcical character of Turkish governmental methods.

The Baldenspergers are a Swiss family who settled at Artas, a small village about seven miles south of Jerusalem, near the famous pools of Solomon. The father began bee raising, and as the sons grew up they took an interest in the business and tried to develop it. They brought improved appliances from Europe and gave such thought and attention to the matter that eventually they obtained large crops of honey from orange blossoms, from cactus and acacia blooms, respectively, from lemon blossoms and from thyme. The business expanded so that the apiary at Yafa alone was yielding 6000 pounds of honey in less than a month, when the industry attracted the attention of the Government, and a tax of a little less than ten cents a hive was imposed. In collecting the tax, the officials reckoned as a hive every aperture through which they could see bees moving, so that in one apiary 150 hives were counted as 2000. The Baldenspergers refused to pay, and the apiary was sold at auction by the Government. The purchaser, the officials, and a number of camel drivers with their camels went to the place to take away the apiary, but the bottom boards of the hives had been unhooked, and when they were disturbed the bees swarmed out, and there was a scene of vociferous trouble. The purchaser sold his tax title to the Baldenspergers, and the apiary remains.

It is, of course, impossible for industry to make much progress under such government, but help cometh. European capital and enterprise are being directed toward Asia Minor in a way which will eventually remodel government in that region, now sunk in squalor, but once populous and productive, possessing cities which were centres of art and refinement. With proper industrial opportunities, civilization will revisit its ancient seats and turn the wilderness into a garden. At present there is a railroad, built by a German company, extending from Constantinople to Konia, in the corner of Asia Minor north of the Mediterranean. Recently it was announced that the company had obtained concessions for the extension of its lines to Bassora on the Euphrates, a port for the commerce of the Persian Gulf. The point on the projected line nearest to the Holy Land is Aleppo, just north of Syria, but the extension of the system will undoubtedly include Syria.

THE BANNER BEARER

By Mrs. Burton Harrison

I

IT HAD been five long, weary years since his feet had touched Virginian soil. Jinny, when he had left it, was a pretty, gawky girl of twelve. And now, he dared say, she had grown to be a lovely young lady, fit in all respects to hold her own beside the portrait of the Colonel's grandmamma, a famous toast of the Tide Water region, who had been transplanted to live and end her days under the shadow of the Blue Ridge, and now lay where he, too, hoped to rest in the long sleep. Often, in these latter days of friendless poverty and stress, the old man's thoughts turned wistfully toward the little graveyard at "The Neck," in his native county, to which the feet of the young men of their kin always carried out the dead from the shabby Colonial house where he was born.

He had served through the war between the States, and won in the army the soubriquet of "the Banner Bearer," because of an unusually gallant and daring act in the recapture of a certain battle-flag. (The story is still told in the Colonel's county on occasions when ancient braves meet together to rehearse the stirring deeds of their early manhood.) But at that epoch, and while taking a soldier's risks in a hundred daring fights, Jock Fleming did not care where they laid him if he fell. As well sleep in a trench dug by the bayonets of comrades as be carried out in state by a procession of other Flemings. Besides, if the glorious gift of life were to be spent, the high hopes of youth to be blasted in their bloom, of what consequence the tenement they had deserted?

Now, when he realized what high hopes can come to, what a mess even a "Banner Bearer" can make of the glorious gift of life, he often thought, tenderly and with longing, of the privilege of laying away his bones where all the rest of his blood were sleeping. He had been so long cut off from family contact. He wondered whether they would put him in between his father and the fence, or over across where his own wife and children were rather crowded together by the abrupt drop of the hillside. The place was pretty well gone to seed, he reckoned, since his time at The Neck. The jimson-weeds must have overrun their plot. He wondered if that tall rose bush—the yellow Harrison rose—over his mother had tumbled down again.

Anyhow, in spring the locusts bloomed out splendidly overhead, giving a grand smell; and from the slope where you turned in at the rickety old gate there was a fine view of the hills—the best in the county, he was sure. After you'd lived a good while, summer and winter, in New York, the Colonel thought, you got to feel there was nothing like the hill country. The pinch was, who'd send him back there? For of next of kin there remained now but Jinny away down in Virginia—and Jinny's terrible mamma!

This was his poor, commonplace story; a bit out of the drama of every day, as we all see and live it! After the war he had settled down to farming, on the one-mule-and-two-negroes basis, an old estate coming to him from his father. His work, his wife and children, busy days and a fair measure of success, had helped him to build up on the ruins of the Lost Cause a new structure of trust in the future.

The first blow was the loss of children—all save one, young Jock, his pride and glory. Next, the brave helpmeet left him; and then, while his affectionate heart was still yearning over this void in his life, Jock had of necessity to go off to the university. All of the Flemings had been university men. Jock must "hold up his end!" In the very first holidays young Jock had found out what variety of comfort the lonely Colonel had been taking in his absence. Shocked and bewildered he had ventured to remonstrate with his elder, who took rebuke meekly or peevishly, according to the amount of his potations.

Who does not know the progress of such an obsession in some strong, fine man who despises himself when sober, yet falls again and again into the gulf? By the time young Fleming returned, flushed with college honors, to live at home, he turned from his once loved father in disgust. After the survey of certain convincing documents proving them to be on the brink of financial collapse through the Colonel's folly and bounty when in his cups, the lad rose up in his wrath, declaring that he would go away to a city where he could find employment to save them both from starving.

"Don't promise anything, please," he answered his father's pleadings. "Ruin yourself, if you must, sir, but for my mother's sake don't ruin me as well."

The Colonel started. His son saw the blood rise into his face, until it seemed to suffuse his haggard eyes. Then, with a strong effort, the older man looked at the younger squarely, and answered with singular dignity of mien:

"You are right, Jock," he said briefly. "God helping me, I won't."

Turning to leave the room, the Colonel left his son sitting with bowed head as if he had been the culprit. Passing into the closed chamber in which his wife's key basket

—the Colonel left his son sitting with bowed head as if he had been the culprit

stood empty upon the stand beside the bed where he had watched his poor Marjory breathe her last, he stood for some moments deep in thought. In this quiet spot, embalming a lifetime of poignant and tender reminiscence, stood a "highboy" of mahogany, deep-hued with age, in the locked upper drawer of which the Colonel kept a tin box filled with private papers. Selecting such as he required from its contents, he went out through a rear door to the stable, saddled his own horse, and presently young Jock, from the front windows, saw the old soldier riding at a gallop down the avenue leading to the turnpike and never looking behind him. Far as Jock could see he watched his father with a lump swelling in his throat. When the Colonel should come back he would ask his pardon—they would begin over again. But the Colonel never did come back. Legally and completely denuding himself of every bit of property he could call his own, he bestowed it, in its entirety, upon his son. Then with a few hundreds in hand he disappeared as though the earth had swallowed him.

Long and bitterly young Jock had kicked against the pricks of this sorrow. But as time wore on, and as Nature dictates, he made new ties. Living still at The Neck, he met at a horse show in the neighborhood a belle of the Eastern Shore of Maryland, and soon brought Miss Joella Jane Fenwick home as his wife.

Gossip had it that the Maryland lady, beautiful externally, was possessed of a spirit both parsimonious and nagging. Certainly, poor young Jock began very soon to resemble old Jock in point of listless step and careworn features. When a baby came in the second year of his marriage he brightened for a while. He looked now, said the ladies of The Neck vicinity, as he had done when he first left home for the university. And then began for him a dual life; one side of it turning longing thoughts toward the absent father, tender and adoring to his child; the other, sore, hard, constantly resentful of injustice and reproach, forever holding himself in check lest his whole soul should in spite of him burst into revolt against further contact with the meanest, pettiest nature the Creator ever enshrined within a beautiful face and form!

And every day, every month, every year that he lived the tie would grow more galling. She was incurable, and he but twenty-four.

He stood it until their little girl was four years old, and then a horse he was breaking-in in the pasture gave him a merciful release. Young Jock Fleming, thrown in forcing an unwilling hunter to a daring leap over a high stone wall, was brought home dying to his wife. In the little time left to him he had charged her solemnly, should his father ever again be heard of by them, to restore to him the home and property always regarded as a loan. And for once, shocked and terrified into propriety, Mrs. Fleming had given the promise he required. In her heart she had little fear that any such sacrifice would ever be exacted of her. If that tiresome old man were not dead, he was undoubtedly insane. In either case it was little likely that he would trouble her horizon.

But Mrs. Fleming was in error. At young Jock's funeral a tall, gaunt, iron-faced man stalked, no one knew whence, into the very middle of the group around the open grave. It was his hand that strewed "earth to earth, ashes to ashes;" his hand that first grasped the cord to lower the coffin out of sight.

When the sad ceremony was at an end, friends and relatives pressed around the Colonel to welcome and condole. But he would hold speech with none of them, and was striding silently back to the spot where he had left his horse when a new apparition dawned upon his gaze.

In charge of a young negro nurse, who, with the instincts of her kind, had not been able to refrain from stealing out of the darkened house where they were left, to get some enjoyment out of the occasion by peeping at the strangers who came and went, he saw a lovely child. The two were hiding under a lilac bush near the fence where his steed was tethered, and as he passed the little girl called out to him with roguish gesture, assuming to frighten an unsuspecting passer-by. Directly the Colonel's eyes lit upon her he beheld in her baby features his young Jock over again. He did not dare trust himself to speak to her directly, but gruffly asked the nursemaid who the child might be. The answer, although it shook him to the core, seemed but to jog him on his way. But Jinny, taking the matter into her own rose-leaf hands, clung to his knees, demanding to be lifted for a ride upon his shoulders. She was so healthy, so merry, so full of innocent good will that he could not say her nay. And, once ensconced in high pride and pomp so near her grandfather's poor, old, broken, yearning heart, his arms just closed around her hungrily, tears gushed from his long-dry eyes, and he was, in that moment, born again to a new heritage of love and faith and hope.

II

JINNY could not fathom it in the least. But in Jinny's world conclusions were drawn so speedily from facts so obvious that the little cherub-being thought she had scratched her grandsire with a pin. She patted his lean cheeks with her soft palms, sought for the place of injury, kissed the tears from his eyes, and soothed him as her papa had often soothed her in like extremity. The darky maid who had taken that welcome opportunity of darting, like an arrow from the bow, farther down the avenue, to where she could see the white folks getting into their traps at the house door to drive away from the funeral, left the pair unembarrassed by her observation. The Colonel, carrying Jinny within a bower here formed by the assembling together of mossy lilac trees with abundant foliage, sat down in an old broken chair that formed part of her armament of play, and abandoned himself to the delicious solace of her caresses. In a surprisingly short time he had become possessed of her closest confidences. She prattled to him of her age, full name, number of teeth, dolls and hair ribbons, her favorite dainty for supper, and her present grievance that she was not allowed to-day to ride one of the farm horses to water in "the branch," as usual. She vaguely hinted that the companionship of her mother, shut up in her own bedroom, had driven her into the open for relief. And she asked the Colonel if he knew that her papa—who always let her do anything she asked—had gone away on a long, far journey, to Washington she thought, or perhaps New York, or perhaps the county town?

Then, with swift incision, she tried to discover why her new friend had not yet brought himself to stop crying, even after she had "kissed the place to make it well."

"I'm crying because—because I love you so, my little maid," the Colonel managed to say between great gulps. "And because I loved—love—your dear father who has—" "And because I loved—love—your dear father who has—gone—to Washington. Don't you know, my lamb, doesn't something tell you, that you are my own ownest little treasure of a granddaughter—that your papa was—is—my child, just as you are his baby—that Jinny is all in the world that's left me now?"

Decidedly, Jinny couldn't realize these evidently distressing facts. Her brow clouded with bewilderment over the puzzle of his incoherent adjuration. But she was a tender-hearted little person, and subject to gusts of affection for those who appealed to her sense of kinship. At any rate, Nature, generally to be relied upon, now asserted herself triumphantly, and the child's fervent return of the Colonel's embraces, her joyful settling upon his knee after this duty was disposed of, her rattling fire of artless and original conversation, enchained him to the spot. Nay, more, by the time the conscience-stricken and virtuous caretaker had returned and solicited "Miss Jinny" to "let the gentleman go, and run in de house like a lady and get her snack," a wild resolve had taken possession of him.

No matter what the consequence, he would present himself before his daughter-in-law and ask her permission to tarry for a while under the roof-tree of The Neck. Leave Jinny he could not while his heart was bleeding for the loss of his beloved son. The morbid spirit that had hedged him so long away from domestic sympathy and intercourse now seemed monstrous in his sight. He could have managed the thing better—might have written to his boy from time to time, relieved his anxiety, assured him that the sacrifice was made with a free hand, and that, better than all, it had effected a cure of his grievous evil.

Of what use were his reform, his straight life since their parting, the honest toil that had secured for him a meagre support in a distant State, since Jock had died without hearing the good news?

The poor exile had read of the accident to his son as telegraphed to a chance-found newspaper. He had started immediately, journeying day and night to be at home in time for the funeral. He was travel-stained, hungry, worn with grief and sleeplessness; not good to look at. But the child, of her own accord, had come to him, nestled to him, caressed him. Her touch had thawed the ice long accumulated over the fountain of his softer feelings. For her sake he was willing—nay, eager—to sue for the bounty of an unknown woman who might not make him welcome in the home no longer his own.

One comfort he took to himself with eager clutch. If the child were such an angel, the mother must be one, too! He blessed God that his Jock had possessed two such treasures in his short span of matured manhood.

Perhaps he might even be a consolation to the widow, poor young thing! Women had not turned from him in the past; and if Mrs. Jock would but receive it, all his homage, all his devotion, all his slavish service should be hers and the child's during the remainder of his life. He would give no trouble, surely. A room, a bed, a seat at their board, leave to work for them—what was that, in the liberal accommodations of The Neck? He was hale and hearty still, now that that fiend of drink had been banished from his life. And he could earn enough by his services more than to pay his way.

As the little darky girl with her twigs of bound wool scintillating with knots of white sewing cotton tugged at the skirt of the unwilling Jinny, so she, in turn, aided the Colonel's gathering courage by tugging at his hand.

"You *must* come wiz me," she declared authoritatively; and, with a desperate pang of resolve, the Colonel went.

Jinny took him in at the back door, through the house with its closed shutters and empty rooms, to the entry leading to the well-remembered "charmber."

While he, at this point, felt impelled to fall back and tremble at his own daring, the little white-frocked guide called attention to the situation in high-pitched and imperious remonstrance:

"Come on, danpapa, come on," she persisted cheerily, clasping his finger with all of hers.

At that moment the dark mahogany door of the "charmber" swung inward and a form appeared upon the threshold. At the first look into his daughter-in-law's beautiful cold face old Jock Fleming felt the blood in his veins turn to water. She had not been present at the interment, and had evidently spent the time in going over parcels of law papers and letters that lay open or neatly and systematically arranged on a table facing the window of the room. The Colonel noted this with a prick of surprise and distaste, as also the change in the interior of the room so sacred to his imagination of his own Marjory. It had quite parted with its charm of old-time quaintness and exquisite simplicity.

The widow had been spending the hours of solitude in a fevered search among her husband's private papers. She wanted to make sure that there was in existence no written memorandum of his Quixotic wish that the property should be transferred to his father, should the Colonel be still living. She knew he had made a will in her favor and his child's; she had seen to that long since. Why, then, in Heaven's name, trump up this question of a crazy old drunkard who had chosen, very wisely, to absent himself for years? Nothing had been found until, at the conclusion of her task, a pocketbook with penciled data concerning the horses, into the breeding and sale of which young Jock had gone successfully of late, had fallen from the pocket of a waistcoat.

At the very moment when Jinny's voice was heard inviting some unwilling visitor to accompany her into her mother's presence, Joella Fleming had unfolded amid these *disjecta membra* of her dead young husband's writings a slip of paper that had made her start and tremble like a leaf.

Here it was, in unmistakable black and white—a passionate appeal to his survivors to do justice to his father should it be humanly possible to accomplish it. Clutching the paper in cold fingers she had arisen to hasten to the door and ward off interruption. The result was what we have seen.

A full glance at the stranger convinced her of his identity. A photograph hanging in the dining-room had indeed kept his lineaments before her ever since her arrival to be mistress of The Neck. What ill wind of Fate had blown him back here at this moment of all others? Jinny, cordially insisting that her grandpapa must share her dinner, and that he liked baked apples, too, bridged over the painful strain of the speechless gaze each gave at the other's face.

"I am John Fleming, at your service, madam," said the Colonel at last with old-fashioned courtesy. "I came here simply to pay the last tribute of affection to my dear, dead boy, and was going away without troubling you; but I met this child outside and—and—begad, m'am, I think I'll stop on, and clean the boots for her sake. If you could put me up anywhere I'd be in nobody's way, and I might be of use to you for a while. Just to make acquaintance with my daughter and my grandchild," he went on waveringly; "and I've journeyed a good way."

His meekness, his broken voice and bent figure presented to Joella's mind but two suggestions. That he had come with no hope of asserting a claim to the property, and that he was of the kind easily trampled down. She dared not bid him begone until quite assured that he had no ulterior motive. In any case, it were better to bear with the infliction of his presence in their home than allow him to go off and get, perhaps, under the influence of outsiders who might put ideas of his rights into this humble gray head.

The bit of paper clasped lightly in her palm seemed to acquire weight as she stood swiftly revolving these matters in her mind. If she extended to him a present permission to remain, that would in some sort disembarrass her of its unpleasant reminder of her promise to her husband.

Later, she could decide how much further to go. As she put her grudging hand into his timid, loyal clasp the Colonel thought he could discern, through the renewing dimness of his eyes, a halo of generosity around her brow.

That night, in the solitude of the "charmber," the widow Fleming made a little fire, on the broad hearth between the knob and claw and irons, of a number of old letters and other documents serving as a reminder of bygones she had definitely decided to let be bygones indeed. On the summit of the heap she tossed young Jock's written plea in behalf of his dispossessed father, and, after watching it curl and crisp in the ardent flame, went to bed and slept a long, sound sleep till morning.

Upstairs in one of the poorest of the guest-rooms the Colonel lay, but did not sleep. His lips were fashioning unaccustomed prayers. His heart was expanding like the flower of a century plant. Amid the keen sorrow for his lost son, had not there come to him the balm of finding a beautiful young woman and her child to fill the empty spaces of his life? And to be at home again, under the ancient roof-tree, listening to the swell of the wind in the old pines that had sheltered his boyhood—was not that enough, had there been nothing more?

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

Names of Our Presidents' Wives

MARY is a very frequent name for women, and Abigail a very unfrequent one, yet in the names of wives of our Presidents there has been only one Mary—Mary Todd Lincoln; and there have been two Abigails—Abigail Powers Fillmore and Abigail Smith Adams.

Washington and Jefferson both had wives named Martha—Martha Dandridge Custis and Martha Wayles Skelton, both handsome and attractive widows. With the exception of the wives of Monroe and Johnson—whose wives were both named Eliza—there appear no more duplicate names in the Presidential wife list. Monroe married Eliza Kortwright, and Johnson married Eliza McCardle, who taught her husband to write and cipher, he already knowing how to read.

Madison married a Dolly—Dolly Todd; and the name itself savors of brightness and home love. She also was a widow, and one of the most remarkable women who ever presided over the White House. Two very stately names dignified the Presidential mansion in the days of Tyler and of Garfield—Letitia Christian Tyler and Lucretia Rudolph Garfield.

Grant's wife was named Julia—Julia Dent. Mrs. Hayes bore the rather plebeian name of Lucy—Lucy Webb. Zachary Taylor's wife was Margaret. Mrs. John Quincy Adams bore the stately names of Louisa Catherine.

Not many Bible names appear in the list—the New Testament supplying those of Mary and Martha, aforementioned; and the Old Testament adding Hannah, Rachel and Sarah—Hannah Hoes Van Buren, Rachel Donelson Robards Jackson, and Sarah Childress Polk.

Pierce's wife bore the good old-fashioned name of Jane—Jane Appleton Pierce. William Henry Harrison married an Anne—Anne Symmes, and the later Harrison a Caroline—Caroline Scott. The wife of Arthur had the unusual and not pretty name of Malvina—Malvina Stone. Mrs. Cleveland was Frances Folsom, and Mrs. McKinley was Ida Saxton.

A Clear Conscience and a Fair Tax Schedule. *By* Frederic W. Upham

President of the Chicago Board of Tax Review

MR. FREDERIC W. UPHAM

THERE are to-day in Chicago fewer sore consciences, on the score of dishonest tax schedules, than in any other metropolitan community in America.

This statement, which will not be questioned by any person familiar with the facts in the premises, is equivalent to a confession of a radical change from previous conditions in this particular. How sweeping has been that change can only be realized by those whose official connection with the movement has given them a broad view of the whole field, enabling them to contrast old conditions with new, and opening to their scrutiny peculiar phases of the problem, necessarily hid from the knowledge of the general public.

But to give this revolution in methods of taxation something like its proper proportion, let it be said that no other city in the United States has, in the last two years, experienced a moral and financial change comparable to that wrought in Cook County, in which Chicago is situated, by the action of the new tax-levying machinery. It has added millions of dollars to the assessment rolls of the county and has overturned widespread and almost universal practices of corruption winked at as an unwelcome but necessary expedient on the part of property holders in general, and even of leaders of the community. As the methods which have demonstrated that neither perjury nor bribery is necessary as a protection against a burdensome and inequitable assessment are peculiar to Cook County, and have here been first put to the test, a glimpse at the most significant phases and most striking incidents of this reform can scarcely fail to interest every taxpayer in the country, and particularly those in the larger cities of the Union.

What the new law has done for Chicago, a similar enactment, when honestly enforced, can do for any other municipality in the land. Put in the fewest words, the new method has made it possible for the property owner to be transparently honest and truthful in making his schedule of property, and at the same time to know that his unscrupulous neighbor cannot secure an advantage thereby and escape without paying his due share of taxes for the support of the State. It has killed out the professional "tax-fixer" and made the "go-between" an outcast in the city where once he waxed fat from the guilty offerings of fairly upright business men, who despised themselves for participating in a transaction of so questionable a character as that which they felt compelled to entertain.

A municipality in which, under the old régime, the assessment system was so flagrantly administered that whole business blocks in the heart of the city were not down at all on the assessment books and escaped without taxation, has been so changed as to have become the most equitably taxed metropolis in the country, and this implies a metamorphosis, in public thought, that is little short of revolutionary.

The average American citizen and taxpayer desires to pay his fair share for the maintenance of his Government. Of that there is not the least doubt. But, especially in the larger cities, he has not had a fair chance to be honest in his tax matters. In other words, long years of education under a vicious system taught him that he must pay a dear price for conscientiousness in this particular, and that the only deliverance from the burden of inequitable assessment was through a schedule rendered on a basis of false values, or through a resort to the services of the tax-fixer and political "hold-up man." Two years under the new assessment methods in force in Cook County have accomplished wonders in banishing this almost compulsory dishonesty and in making it possible for the merchant, the business man and the property holder to be as upright in their tax affairs as in their dealings with private individuals. Give the people a square chance to be honest in tax matters and they will cheerfully leave the dark and devious ways of the old system and enter with enthusiasm upon methods which are open and aboveboard.

Two Women Who Began the Reform

The most significant and inspiring incident in Chicago's tax reform experience was furnished by two women of large wealth and the highest social position. By the simple, voluntary filing of transparently honest tax schedules these women exerted, in my opinion, a greater influence in supplanting perjury with truthfulness and dishonesty with honesty than all the ecclesiastical and organized "reform" movements operative in Chicago. Of this I am profoundly convinced. No member of the Board of Review will forget the impression made in that body when the agent of Mrs. Emmons Blaine presented her schedule for about $1,500,000 worth of property, and when Mrs. George Sturges followed with a schedule for nearly the same amount. These schedules broke all previous records and were really sensational in their conspicuousness. I am literally within the truth in making the statement that these two schedules incidentally added millions of dollars to the assessment rolls of Cook County. Men of wealth were both inspired and shamed by the example of these two public-spirited women, and hundreds of persons of large means were moved by this influence alone to make voluntary and radical increases in their property schedules.

Then, too, this object-lesson was used scores of times in each day of the sessions of the Board of Review to enforce upon skeptical and unwilling taxpayers the fact that a new era of plain and open honesty in tax matters had actually begun, and that the old system of bribery and falsification had met its doom and was obsolete. The whole burden of the task, it must be remembered, was to convince the property owner that the new tax deal was a square and fair one to all concerned. The action of Mrs. Blaine and Mrs. Sturges did more than all else to carry home this conviction. Unconsciously, in taking this splendid attitude, they became first and foremost among the benefactors of their city, and the influence of their example will widen with every year.

More than this, however, Mrs. Sturges' real residence was at Geneva Lake, Wisconsin, but she voluntarily claimed a residence in Chicago, scheduling her personal property here, and thereby multiplying the amount she must pay in taxes for the protection and benefits of the Government. This—let me repeat it—was a voluntary act, not inspired or suggested, so far as I am informed, by any other person. She took the broad ground that her fortune had been made in the city and that it was here she wished to pay her taxes, no matter how materially such a step might increase the amount of her assessment. Women of wealth in other cities of the United States, by following their splendid example, may do as much for their communities as these two women have done for Chicago. But certainly they should also be encouraged to such a course by the establishment of a new revenue system similar to that under which Mrs. Sturges and Mrs. Blaine made their schedules—a system which will not punish them for their public spirit and high sense of honor.

Raising the Valuation $200,000,000

The law creating the present tax-levying machinery of Cook County was passed in 1898 and provides, in addition to a Board of Assessors, a Board of Review composed of three members elected from the county at large. This Board has all the rights possessed by the Board of Assessors to make original assessments of property and, at the same time, to give the taxpayers prompt relief in all cases where they establish over-valuation. To show how necessary this Board was to the people it should be stated that 38,000 persons availed themselves, during the first year of the law's operation, of the opportunity to come before this Board and petition for a revaluation of their real or personal property. Under the old method of assessment, the total valuation of Cook County was but $21,000,000 for personal property, and $157,000,000 for real estate. As a result of the first year's assessment under the new law, the personal property valuation was increased to $73,000,000, and the real estate to $302,000,000.

It is impossible for the citizen to be fair with the state in the matter of his taxes unless he is protected by a law which will insure a limit in the rate of assessments, and by a board of administration that will be absolutely equitable and honest in all its decisions. Therefore, I hold that the citizens of Illinois never had a proper opportunity to schedule their property fully and fairly until the enactment of the present revenue law. Previous to that act there was no uniform system of assessment and taxation in the various localities. In the farming communities the assessors were not, generally, elected by purely political influence, and, as a result, they rendered fairly equitable assessments; but in the cities, especially in Chicago, assessment was largely made either on the basis of political pulls or downright tax-fixing.

The new law provided for Cook County a board of five assessors, to act as a body, taking the place of thirty-two assessors, who, under the old law, represented the thirty-two taxing districts of the county, and each of whom did his work independently. Under the old régime, the only appeal from the decision of an assessor was to a board composed of the supervisor and clerk of the township and the assessor who made the contested assessment. In practically every instance the assessor dominated the board, and his original assessment was confirmed. This lesson was soon learned by the suffering property owner, who seldom, if ever, took the trouble to appeal to this so-called board and who thus came to regard his only relief to be the very expensive one of appealing to the courts. Because of the difficulty of obtaining incriminating testimony it was seldom possible to show fraud in an assessment, which was the only ground upon which the court could revise the decision of an assessor.

The most important section of the new revenue law is that which provides for the limitation of the tax rate, this being fixed at five per cent. on the assessed value, the latter being placed at one-fifth of the fair cash value. Working on this basis the Board of Review was able to add about $30,000,000 of assessed value to the amount returned by the Board of Assessors. Unfortunately, however, the Supreme Court of Illinois has declared the limitation clause of the law to be unconstitutional, but this difficulty has been circumvented by the legitimate practice of a horizontal reduction.

One principal element of success in the work of the Board of Review has been the manner in which it has pursued its most difficult task of putting an equitable personal property valuation on the county. This was done by taking the men in each distinct line of business, and arranging the assessment by the comparative method. In each case we aimed first to select the most important man in the particular business under consideration, securing from him a frank statement of his actual personal property possessions. This was not difficult when once he became convinced that he would be fairly rated with every other member of his calling or trade. In this manner we were able quickly to raise many millions of dollars in valuation with the hearty approval and coöperation of the very men whose assessments we were advancing, each knowing the assessment of every other man in the business and each being convinced that he was justly classed in comparison with his competitors. For instance, one of the leading merchants of this city consented to the advancement of his personal property assessment from $4,900,000 to $7,900,000; and one large corporation, formerly assessed at $1,400,000, was raised to $9,000,000.

Calming the Excitement of Wealthy Men

This work at first created great consternation among the large property holders, who could not readily rid themselves of the suspicion that the old methods of "tax-fixing" were not at an end; but the majority of large taxpayers were free to confess that, when they had added to the amount they were formerly taxed the money they had been obliged to pay out to the middleman and the "grafter," they were really paying no more under the new system than under the old, and they had the advantage of a clear conscience and the consolation of knowing that every dollar of tax money would go into the public treasury. Each increase of an assessment added to the cumulative force of the conviction that the new assessment method was "a square deal." I shall not soon forget an instance of this kind. An acquaintance came before me and made a most determined stand against a just increase of his assessment. No amount of argument could convince him that old methods had passed away and that all property holders, no matter how wealthy or influential, were under an equality of treatment. He clung to his suspicions, and when I finally refused to alter the revised assessment, he left me in anger and declared that he would leave nothing undone to injure me politically and to "cut my corners" wherever he could. The following day I met him at the club and greeted him as usual, but received no response. For nearly a month he held to this attitude of enmity without the slightest sign of relenting. The day after the Board of Review had raised the assessment of a certain corporation $7,600,000, I was astonished to see my sworn enemy enter the door and approach me with extended hand and a smile on his face.

"I have come to apologize to you," he said. "The Board of Review is really doing what it pretends to do, and that is to fix assessments justly without fear or favor. At first it was impossible for me to believe this, for I had been so long educated in a knowledge of the corruptness of the old system; but when I saw by to-day's papers what you did with that corporation, I became thoroughly converted, and will pay, with greater cheerfulness than I have ever before paid my taxes, the assessment upon which you insisted."

His apologies were accepted and we were again friends.

Another instance will illustrate how the large property holders learned the lesson of confidence in the new system. A principal State Street merchant, one of my personal friends, called at my desk a few days previous to the time when the men in his business were first to appear, as a body, before the Board of Review. Although he seemed to have dropped in for a personal chat he was excessively nervous, and, despite the coolness of the day, the perspiration stood in beads upon his forehead. When at last he reached the subject which I knew was uppermost in his mind, I told him that he could give me his fullest confidence. This he was at

first disinclined to do, but at last I drew from him the truth, which was that his firm had already followed the ordinary custom of employing a "middleman," and that he had supposed this practice to be quite as necessary as in former years in order to keep the personal property assessment of his house on an equality with that of his competitors.

"And what shall I do about it?" he pathetically exclaimed.

"Take your medicine and let it teach you a lesson," I replied; "for you may depend upon it that your assessment will be raised some $700,000 and placed where it belongs by fair comparison with the property of your business neighbors."

He was greatly depressed on hearing this statement, and departed still a doubting Thomas. After the Board of Review had completed its work with the State Street merchants he came to me with a cheerful countenance and declared: "It's all right! I paid several thousand dollars for my lesson, to be sure, but I have learned it for all time and shall not have to go to that expense again."

"And you may have the consolation," I replied, "of feeling certain that nearly all of your competitors did the same thing and that you are on an equality with them, after all."

Shamed by Going to a Tax-Fixer

More than one business man of high character, and universally respected for integrity, has confessed to me that when compelled, as he thought himself to be, under the old law, to resort to the services of a tax-fixer, he went about the streets for a month afterward feeling that every man he met knew his guilty secret and despised him for it; and one of these men also said that the new system had done away with this degrading necessity, if such it may be called, and that he could now arrange his tax matters with as clear a conscience and as much self-respect as he felt in paying his church or charity subscriptions.

A point in the new law which has been powerful in helping to wipe out the old "graft" system is the publication of the revised assessment returns. This is compulsory, is done by precincts, and covers both real and personal assessments. This list not only generally appears in the newspapers, but a copy of it is invariably mailed to every taxpayer in the precinct. By this means every man is informed as to the amount of his neighbor's assessment and is able to compare it with his own. The result is that practically every taxpayer is thus made an active assistant to the Board of Review. Naturally, he does not consent to pay what he believes to be an over-assessment while his neighbor escapes without contributing a due share to the general tax fund.

In one of the foremost residence hotels in the city lived a wealthy man whose assessment was materially increased by the Board of Review. As a result of such action this man furnished the Board with information which resulted in the addition to the total assessment of several million dollars levied on the property of other guests in the hotel in which our informant lived. He had no objection to being asked to contribute his share to the tax fund, but proposed that his neighbors should enjoy the same privilege.

With the extermination of the "tax-grafter" in Chicago the new assessment system has wiped out another vicious method of dodging a just assessment. This was called the "forged schedule system," and was an expedient not infrequently resorted to by men of wealth whose consciences were too sensitive boldly to assume the responsibility of falsifying their own schedules. The method was to intrust this delicate matter to middlemen who were skilled in matters of tax diplomacy. These men made up the schedule and forged to it the signature of the taxpayer, who, if called to an account, would be able to crawl out of his predicament on the plea that the signature was a forgery. Men who had recourse to this shifty expedient were very carefully watched in the course of the second year's work of the Board of Review. Those who were taught lessons in the first year under the new law rendered fair schedules the next year.

Aids in the Catching of Tax-Dodgers

From two classes of men the Board of Review has received invaluable assistance. These are the bankers and the newspaper men. Although under the law and the decisions of the courts the Board of Review may require any bank to furnish a list of its depositors and their deposits, this privilege was never made use of, for the reason that such a course would be liable to cause a wholesale withdrawal of deposits just previous to the time for the review of personal assessments on the part of the Board. On the other hand, however, the banks and trust companies have never failed to honor the Board's requests for information regarding estates or deposits intrusted to their care. Information thus obtained has, on almost numberless occasions, helped to solve with accuracy the equity of a disputed assessment. Without the active coöperation of the newspaper men, and particularly of the reporters detailed to "cover" the proceedings of the Board of Review, the work of that body would often have been seriously crippled. These young men proved themselves to be the most effective and faithful of detectives, "running down" leads of information which were closed to the members of the Board, but which developed results of the utmost importance.

Another corps of invaluable aids to the Board of Review consists of committees of business men appointed by that body. The individual members were so selected as to represent as large a diversity of elements in each particular line of business as possible. Every committee of this kind prepared, at great pains, a basis or scheme of assessments which they believed to be equitable to all members of that business. By reason of their familiarity with the details and the basic conditions of their several callings, these men were undoubtedly able, in many cases, to formulate a far more equitable basis for the calculation of individual assessments than the Board could have arrived at by many weeks of labor.

It must not be presumed that the Board of Review devoted itself mainly to the raising of assessments levied by the Board of Assessors, for quite to the contrary, in thousands of instances they made material reductions from the original assessments.

In this phase of the work we continually encountered the most touching and impressive evidences of the honesty and integrity of the people in moderate circumstances. One example will illustrate this large class of cases.

A neatly dressed woman of about sixty years of age came before the Board for the purpose of learning if her assessment could be rightfully reduced. Her story was substantially this: Her husband had been a hard-working and frugal laboring man, and as a result of his industry and her own thrift she was left, at the time of his death, with a well-secured mortgage of $4000, drawing four per cent. interest. This interest money, with what she was able to earn by plain sewing and by taking in washing, furnished her sole support. To tax a woman in these circumstances on the face value of her mortgage, thus taking from her fully one-third of the interest it yielded, would have been manifestly inequitable as compared with the assessments on the property of persons of larger fortune. Although, as sworn officers of the law, we were supposed to assess all property at its full, fair cash value, we must plead guilty to a reduction of the valuation in cases of this kind. To have done less than this would have been to have inflicted a punishment for ingenuous honesty and transparent truthfulness.

The citizens of Chicago are, it may be taken for granted, neither more nor less honest than those of other cities, and they have furnished this country with an effective demonstration of the fact that, as a community, they have reconciled their good conscience with their tax dealings and have suffered thereby in neither their purse nor their morals. That the object-lesson they have given will be closely studied by the people of other municipalities who are equally desirous of making honest instead of false tax schedules, and at the same time of securing a just distribution of assessments, is not to be doubted.

—without a word, Angeline gave him the small, open sheet of heavy cream-colored paper

The Lowry-Turck Love Affair

By Stanley Waterloo

APROPOS of the affair of Harvey Lowry and Angeline Turck, as also apropos of many other affairs of similar nature, it is very much to be feared that one of the proverbs is unreliable. "Necessity is the mother of invention" comes off the tongue glibly enough, but why "mother"? What rules the camp, the court, the grove, and what makes the world go around? What but love, and is not Love, when personified, a male? And has he not been the cause of more inventions than have all others combined? Certainly it was he who suggested an invention of the Lowry-Turck love affair, already mentioned. He is Necessity disguised; and he is not a mother.

Of course Love need not grumble. He's no worse off than are other fathers. If a boy becomes famous in the world the fact is attributed to his noble mother; if he becomes infamous, the community says, "Like father, like son"—which is hardly fair. Fathers are useful. Not only did every person who ever invented anything have a father, but without the father romance would be robbed of one of its most useful and steadfast figures. These remarks, prefacing a love story, may be didactic and ponderous and prosy, but they are true.

It is true, as well, that, though this is a love story pure and simple, Mr. Turck, the father in the case, may, in one sense, be looked upon among the characters who belong to the world of romance, for he was the very personification of one accepted type of parent in love stories, being perverse, tyrannical and hard-hearted, looking upon lovers as the ranchman does on wolves, and resolved to keep his daughter to himself indefinitely. He had a red face, tufts of side whiskers which grew out nearly at right angles, and a bellowing voice which would have made his fortune as skipper of a sailing craft in noisy seas. It was, perhaps, such men as Mr. Turck who brought the father into disrepute before the first romance was written, and there is little doubt, too, that it has been such daughters as Angeline Turck who have innocently aggravated the father's already uncertain temper and thus made his name the byword it has become—in fiction.

Angeline, at the time when this affair began, was seventeen, and completely sovereign over the heart of Harvey Lowry—to quote from one of the young gentleman's letters to the young lady herself. They had been in love six months, according to Angeline's computation, seven, according to that of Harvey; but, naturally, he had been first to feel and feed the flame. Harvey, though successful in his suit, was not, in personal appearance, the ideal lover for a girl of Angeline's age—that is, he was not tall, nor dark, nor haughty of mien. On the contrary, he was short, fair and round-faced, and had a thoroughly businesslike demeanor. He looked like a young man whose soul was all in the profit on a next shipment of barrel-hoops, or something, when, in truth, he had endless romantic fancies. In his sentiment lay his charm, and it was to this quality that, as she came to know him well, the fair Angeline had completely yielded. There had been a declaration of love and no refusal, but as yet no formal engagement existed. That, it was mutually understood, must come later, the delay being attributable to certain obstacles of a financial nature. Meanwhile the time passed most pleasantly. There were meetings where Harvey said things calculated to touch the heart, and there was much letter-writing. It was this last which wrecked the air-castle.

One evening, when Angeline's parents were alone, Mr. Turck startled his wife by demanding suddenly:

"What's that young Lowry coming here so much for? I don't like it!"

Mrs. Turck replied mildly that she supposed Mr. Lowry came chiefly to see Angeline. She saw nothing very wrong in that. He was said to be a steady young man, and, of course, Angeline must have harmless company occasionally.

"I don't care whether he's steady or not. He's coming here too much. Don't tell me anything about 'harmless company!' He's after Angeline, and I won't have it! I'll look into this thing!" And Mr. Turck gave utterance to a sound which may be indifferently described as a determined snort. Mrs. Turck understood it, and looked for trouble of some sort in the near future. She had reason.

The evening before, Harvey, after leaving the house, had kissed Angeline's hand at the garden gate. It had been at this electrical moment that Mr. Turck looked out of the sitting-room window, instead of attending to his newspaper as he should have done, and noted the two forms showing dimly through the gathering shade. He did not distinctly see the kiss, but something in the movement was vaguely reminiscent to him. His suspicions were aroused. He had called harshly to Angeline to come in and go to her mother, and she had obeyed, while Harvey melted away into the summer night, after the manner of lovers who have attracted the paternal eye. Neither of the two was much disturbed. There was a glow in the heart of each, a glow too deep to be affected by an ominous word or two. Yet this episode had led to Mr. Turck's outbreak before his wife.

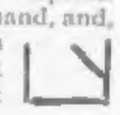
The first blow fell early. Before two more days had passed Mr. Turck had broken out at the breakfast table and had forbidden Angeline to have any further relations of any sort with Harvey Lowry. She must not speak to him. There were tears and quite a scene. Even the subdued Mrs. Turck ventured to say a word, and asked what Angeline could do when meeting Harvey on the street? To this only the curt reply was given that "a dignified bow" was enough. It was rather hard. The old gentleman did not know it, his meek wife did not suspect it, and Angeline would never have believed it, but the truth is, if Angeline's life had depended on the making of a dignified bow, it would have been short

shrift for her. It must be regretfully admitted that in the village of Willow Bend the bow, as practiced by maids and matrons, by belles and honest housewives alike, was such a casual bob of the head as conveyed not the remotest conception of any dignity. It may have been a fact that even this Arcadian bob was subject to modification among the elders, but that does not matter. The father, looking upon Angeline's meek face and recognizing the accustomed submission in his wife's eyes, felt that he had done a fit and becoming morning's work, and drank his coffee calmly, while Angeline trifled sadly with her spoon and looked dumbly out of the nearest window.

That evening Lowry called, and was told by the servant maid who met him at the door that he could not enter. The young man understood well enough that this was under Mr. Turck's direction, and went away less dispirited than he might have been. The next day Mrs. Turck, who feared to do otherwise, brought to the lord of the house a tinted piece of folded paper, which proved to be a letter from Harvey to the again suspiciously rosy Angeline. This dangerous piece of Love's fighting-gear had been detected by Mrs. Turck's eagle eye among the trifles on her daughter's work table. A charge direct, tears, expostulations, confession, and the delivery of the missive over to the enemy had followed swiftly. The sparse hair stood upon the paternal head in disapproval as Mr. Turck held the pink letter between his thumb and forefinger and read it stridently aloud. After all, there was little in it to excite either anger or apprehension, for it was only an expression of hope that the writer could see Angeline that evening at a little party at the home of a mutual friend, but, as with certain venomous insects, its sting was in its tail, for it was signed solely with these three letters: "I. L. Y."

Now, even Mr. Turck did not need to be told what the letters he described as "those infamous characters" signified. The world knows them. His wife, too, flushed when he showed them to her, and then, for once bridling a little at the "infamous," she reminded him that there was a time when Mr. Turck himself, as a matter of custom and daily habit, wrote those very characters at the end of all his letters; but, though for a moment embarrassed by this allusion, the husband only sniffed.

Angeline had a bad half hour over the "I. L. Y.," and the end was submission almost abject, for Mr. Turck would brook no half-way measures. The girl promised neither to write to nor read any letters from the young man so disapproved. In a sharp communication from Mr. Turck, Harvey Lowry was made to know the unpopularity of his epistolary efforts in the Turck household, and for a day or two apparently bowed his head to the paternal will. But who may comprehend the ways of a lover? One morning not a week after the "I. L. Y." affair, Mr. Turck saw another suspicious-looking envelope in the bundle of letters he carried home from the post-office at luncheon time. He looked hard at Angeline's face when she opened the letter at table and noted there an expression of confusion and surprise. Without a word, he stretched out an authoritative hand, and, without a word, Angeline gave him the small, open sheet of heavy cream-colored paper. This is what he saw, drawn with pen and ink, on the fair page:



Only that, and nothing more.

It was now that Angeline's persecutions began in earnest. She was questioned, and threatened, and bullied, and coaxed, but she would not tell the meaning of those four lines drawn upon that virgin page, and sent to her in an envelope addressed in the handwriting of Harvey Lowry. In truth, the poor girl did not know, and could not guess, what the thing meant, herself. Denial, tears, supplication—all were of no avail. Mr. Turck would not believe his daughter. He held the drawing upside down, sideways, and then almost horizontal, as one does in reading where the letters are purposely made tall and thin, but he could make nothing of it, and raged the more at his incompetence. "It looks a little like a side plan of a room," he muttered to himself, "but it isn't complete. Have the two fools arranged to run away, and are they planning a house already?" The idea was too much for him. He seized his hat and went forth for advice.

Mr. Turck was in the office of Baldison, a contractor and builder, within five minutes. "Here, Baldison," he bellowed as he came in, "what is this? Is it part of a plan of a house, or, if not, what is it?"

Mr. Baldison was a cautious man, and, taking the paper, he examined the connected lines long and deliberately. His comment, when he made it, was not entirely satisfying.

"It might be part of a side plan of one story," he said, "but it ain't finished. There's only one brace in, and the cross beam is lacking. If it wasn't for the left-hand upright, I should say it was part of a swing-crane, but the pulley isn't strung. I don't know what it is. Who made it?"

But Mr. Turck did not go into particulars. He left Baldison's place and studied out the problem in his own office; he went out again and asked in vain the opinion of a dozen men, and he went home that evening baffled and in a frame of mind of which the less said the better. Within twenty-four hours Angeline was packed off to the Misses Cutlet's boarding-school in distant Belleville, to be "finished," as her mother described it. The irate father used other and far less becoming words.

This shifting of the scene when, to her, so much of importance was involved, was a most serious thing to Angeline. But it might have been much worse than it proved at the school. Plump Bessie Peyton, another girl from Willow Bend, was there, and it was easily so arranged that the two occupied adjoining rooms. They had been friends for years, and the renewed companionship was much for Angeline. It aided in partial distraction.

And now this story, which has been—from an ordinary point of view—little more than a comedy, develops into something very like a tragedy. It was so to a young girl, at least. The Misses Cutlet had been instructed to keep a sharp eye open, and report, as well as they might, upon the quantity of Angeline's correspondence. They had little to tell. Angeline received few letters, and none frequently from any one person, so far as could be learned from the envelopes addressed to her. The parents were content.

And Angeline really had no correspondence with Harvey Lowry. She was a young woman who would keep her word, and she did not write to him, while from him came no message save an occasional envelope containing only a slip of paper upon which appeared the mysterious symbol. But was not that enough? Did it not indicate that she was still in his heart, and that he would be always hers? Those lines must have a meaning, and though she could not translate them, she felt it was only because Harvey had forgotten that he had never given her the key. What of that? She knew instinctively that the story they told was one of faith and faithfulness. How delicate of him, and how thoughtful that such loving reminder should come at times, and how wonderful it was that he should have invented such a thing for her dear sake alone! Her love grew with the months, and so, unfortunately, despite the letters with the reassuring figure, did her unhappiness.

It is perhaps unreasonable that we should laugh at the loves of the young, at what we call "calf love" in the male, and "a schoolgirl's fancy" in the maiden, for the springs of the heart do not always deepen with the years. Well for youth is it that it owns such wonderfully recuperative forces of mind and body; sad would it be for the elders if, without such recuperative powers, their feelings were given such abandonment. Youth's hurts are sometimes serious. Angeline was growing from the subjugated girl into the suffering woman. Other young women, she reasoned, were allowed to love and to marry the men of their choice. Why should she be made so cruel an exception? She idealized the absent, as the loving so often do. In her mind, Harvey Lowry had grown from one for whom she cared more than for others into a hero without flaw, one thoughtful, considerate, self-denying and altogether noble. The sentimental vein in her nature broadened and deepened, and she placed a greater value on the sweet reminder of the mysterious figures in the letters. And all for her! How constant he was, and how hard the lot of both of them! She became feverish and impatient. Her studies lost all interest, her cheeks became paler, thinner, her manner more languid. It could not last.

So the months went by until the end of the scholastic year was close at hand. Angeline would soon be in Willow Bend again and with her parents. She would meet Harvey Lowry again—that was inevitable. What would the near vacation bring to her? she asked herself. She was growing stubborn now. The portentous figure of her father no longer loomed so highly in her eyes as formerly, and she was the decided woman, with a woman's heart and will, and a woman's rights. What might be the summer's history!

Accidents—as thoughtful people are much given to remark—have sometimes great effect on the affairs of human beings.

One day as Angeline, visiting her friend, stood looking at her still agreeable image in Bess' mirror, she saw, stuck in the frame, among cards, notes and photographs, a square of yellowish paper. The coloring seemed to have come from age, but of that Angeline made no note. All she saw or knew was that the paper bore this mystic sign upon it:

For a moment or two the girl stood motionless. Power of speech and movement was gone. Then, "Bess," she called tremblingly; "what is this?" and she held out the paper for inspection.

"That? Oh, that is from Harvey Lowry. I've had it for two or three years at least," said Bess composedly.

"But, oh, Bess," cried the girl excitedly, "what does it mean?"

"Can't you guess?" was the reply.

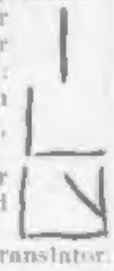
"No, I can't," was the slow answer, "and—and I've seen it before."

The careless Bess was aroused now, and there was a flash in her black eyes. "How dare Harvey Lowry have sent one of those to any one else?" she broke out impetuously, but her excitement was only momentary. She began to laugh. "Well, it was a good while ago, after all." And so her anger vanished.

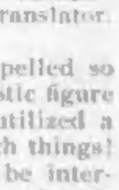
"But, oh, Bess, what does it mean?"

Angeline was recovering herself, though with an effort. "But tell me—tell me what it means," she demanded.

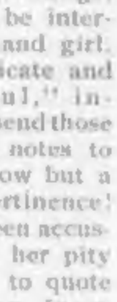
"Why, you stupid girl!" was the reply. "I guessed it in the first ten minutes—and once we signed all our letters with it. Now, see here," and she took paper and pencil and drew a perpendicular mark, thus:



"That is 'I,' isn't it? Well then, I'll put on this mark," and she added a line horizontally, making this figure:



"That's an 'L,' you see. Next, to make your 'Y,' you put on this"—she made two added marks—"and you have this:



"And there you are!" concluded the laughing translator. "There's your 'I. L. Y.' sign!"

Angeline was stunned. Never was a dream dispelled so suddenly and harshly. Not for her had that mystic figure been devised, but for another, and it had been utilized a second time, as if there were no sacredness to such things! It mattered not how much Harvey Lowry might be interested in her now, she was but a sort of second-hand girl. Anger took the place of her unhappiness. "Delicate and thoughtful," indeed! To send those reassuring notes to her was now but a cheap impertinence! She had been accustomed, in her pity of herself, to quote something from Shakespeare which seemed to her to have a peculiarly sad and fitting application: "Not poppy, nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy syrups of the world, shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep which thou owedst yesterday!"

Here were poppy and mandragora and syrups enough, all administered in one rude prescription, as to the efficacy of which there could be no shadow of a doubt!

Somehow the brooding and disappointed woman seemed to melt away now, and there reappeared the impulsive girl again. It was an angry girl, though. Her first grief over—and it lasted for but a day—she resolved upon an epistolary feat of her own. She wrote three letters. The first was to Harvey Lowry. It was not quite, but nearly, as schoolgirlish as she might have written a year earlier, being distinctly of the "'tis better thus" variety and "coldly dissecting," as she afterward said in confidence to a bosom friend. In it she bade her admirer an eternal farewell, notwithstanding the fact that they must inevitably see each other every day in the week as soon as she returned to Willow Bend. This labored epistle she placed in another, of a meek and lowly tenor, to her father. Both of these she inclosed in a letter to her mother.

It is needless to say that upon receipt of these letters in Willow Bend the Turck family fairly glowed. The old gentleman sent Angeline's letter to Harvey, accompanied by a stiff one of his own, and sent to Belleville a substantial addition to his daughter's quarterly allowance.

As to Harvey Lowry, who has been much neglected, his own story deserves some attention now. When he had read the two letters he was a most perplexed young man. It had never occurred to him that to use his "I. L. Y." device a second time, or rather, with a second girl, was anything out of the way, for, with all his sentiment, Harvey was not insistent upon the finer shadings in the affairs of life, even when appertaining to the heart. He had really cared for Angeline, but he did not become a soured and disappointed man. Despite the "dissecting" letter, he and Angeline often met and spoke in later times, and when, finally, she married, and married well, there was none more gratified than he. Time tells in the village as much as it does elsewhere. Nothing could extract quite all the romance from the ingenious Harvey. After fluttering around the village beauties for a time he ended by marrying a sweet-tempered, freckled country girl, with whom he lives in great content in a small house, crowded now with jolly, freckled boys and girls. And here comes relation of something which shows how hard it is to eliminate the once implanted sentimental tendency. To this day, when the father of the freckled family has occasion to write to the mother, he invariably signs his letters:

The Prince of Wales' Set

THREE ladies in society," said the Prince of Wales at the last Academy banquet, alluding to the women of the Wyndham family, painted by Sargent. The unfastidious phrase rather stuck in people's throats. Anyway it raises the question, What is society in England? In the technical sense of the term it consists of the people who go to Court—who are "presented" at the Queen's drawing-rooms and the Prince's levees; who write their names at Buckingham Palace and at Marlborough House; who go into Court mourning on proper occasions, and who thus qualify as candidates for the Queen's garden parties, State concerts and State balls.

The definition is, of course, only approximate: for there are some people who, on this account and that, keep away from Court and are yet great entertainers, with names that figure familiarly in all other lists of fashion—are "society beauties" even. Contrariwise, there are presentations at Court of the wives and daughters of city magnates, of ladies from the provinces, of New York belles merely passing through London who do not in common parlance belong to London society. Disraeli, a master of definitions, did not get much nearer the mark when he said that there were three introductions to society—birth, genius or a million. Obviously some of the best-born people in England are too dowdy by disposition or too restricted in means to enter society actively. Men of genius might, no doubt, be in society, if men of genius did not find society too dull. The Disraelian rule of three hardly works out in contemporary English society. George Meredith has never been to Court; Stevenson never went; Carlyle and Darwin are as unimaginable in Court dress as Emerson or Hawthorne. As for women of genius, George Eliot would not have been received at Court had she presented herself, and she never went into society with a large "S" except once, when the Goschens asked her to come with George Lewes to an evening party to meet the Empress Frederick, whose admiration of Strauss induced her to look out for Strauss' English translator. Also present on that occasion was Tennyson, to whom a Court suit, when he became Laureate, had been as much a trouble as it was to Wordsworth, when that poet donned plumes borrowed from Rogers. Lord and Lady Wolseley, too, were there.

"Garnet," said the lady to her husband as they drove home, "we may be stupid, but at any rate we're clean."

Perhaps the lady spoke better than she knew. "Stupid, but clean" is not a bad definition of the society qualifications. "Good society," then, has at least this merit—that it cannot be reduced to a formula.

So much needs to be said by way of preface to any attempt to define "the Prince's set." A society so great as that of London is of necessity broken into sets. There is a fast set and there is a slow set; a military set and a sporting set; and half a score sets that cannot easily be labeled, grouped by association with this or that county, or by family relationships, or by political, religious or philanthropic sympathy. Only people who believe that all "the West End" of London is covered with palaces will suppose that all people in society know each other. They do not even jostle each other on the staircases of common friends.

But out of all these various worlds the Prince of Wales has the opportunity of selection. He can know everybody; and his bowing acquaintance is actually the largest in the world. Still, nobody would think of associating him with Lady Wimborne and the Low Church set; he would not go even to Doncaster races with Lady Halifax and the High Church contingent; and still less would he feel at home in the serious Roman Catholic set had the Duchess of Norfolk lived to keep together in St. James' Square a "set" which now has no existence out of the pages of Lothair. The Prince knows everybody; but his preferences are decisive. They belong to the gay world. Not wanting in a good intelligence about many things, and not untrained in habits of the self-restraint proper to his position, he gives his interests to the race-course and the stage, and his companionship to those who can amuse him.

At this year's Academy banquet, already the subject of an allusion, the guests of the President, after the feast of the palate, dispersed, according to their wont, through the large galleries to enjoy the feast of the palette. A guest, wandering into one of the rooms, found it occupied by two figures. One was that of a very stout man, whose back, turned toward the new arrival, was wrinkled with laughter. The Prince in fact was listening to the last bit of gossip from that capital caterer—Sir George Lewis, the solicitor.

The private hansom, on which the three feathers do not appear, may seem to some rigorists an informal conveyance to be the favorite one of the Prince; but it is the natural sequel to a youth spent in the publicity of Royal coaches, such as that which was summoned by telegraph to meet him at Paddington station when, as an undergraduate at Oxford, he thought he had given his tutor the slip, and ran up to town, with one or two congenial companions, for the afternoon. And the boy who was told by Albert the Good to regard the day of the opening of the Coal Exchange—the first formality he attended—as the "happiest day of his life," has become a devotee of pleasure. The resulting division of views between the Queen and her son has caused a virtual estrangement. Affectionate public allusions are exchanged; and on occasions—only on very rare occasions—the Queen is visited by the Prince; but mother and son do not spend in each other's society alone so much as six hours in a year.

THE PRINCE OF WALES

The Formality of the Prince's Letters

The Prince is a man of acquaintance with men. His friendships are reserved for women. The thirty or forty women who have caskets of letters of his are not preserving any great literary treat for posterity, nor any material at all for the scandal-hungry. "I am sorry to find by the letter that I received from you this morning"—(the phrasing is of the counting-house in its precise decorum)—"that you are ill and that I shall not be able to pay you a visit to-day, to which I had been looking forward with so much pleasure. To-morrow and Saturday I shall be in Nottinghamshire; but if you are still in town, may I come to see you about five on Sunday afternoon?" Again: "I hope to call on you when I come back from Paris and to have an opportunity of making the acquaintance of your husband." These extracts are characteristic of the hundreds of other letters which "Yours ever very sincerely, Albert Edward," has written to "My dear" Lady This, Marchesa That, and Mrs. The Other.

"Prince Curiosity," too, is the Prince of Wales. "Who gave you that pin?" Two bright eyes parried the question. "But do tell me, who gave it to you?" "Lady So and So." And next day Lady So and So had the honor of a visit from the Prince, who asked if she really had given the pin to the Virtuous Fair.

For a man of many petty interests he is unusually indulgent to those who differ from him. With Lady Randolph Churchill, down to the last day before her recent marriage, the Prince was a determined adviser against it; and when he brought a gold and jeweled pig out of his pocket for her and said: "I give you this because it's like you," he meant merely that she resembled it by being an animal equally difficult to drive.

Marlborough House, the Prince of Wales' London Residence

Though there has been a cessation of the dinners given by the Prince and Princess at Marlborough House, at long intervals the Prince gives a bachelor party to men only—generally H. R. H.'s fellow-members of the Jockey Club. Perfect freedom rules at that board, despite the interjected "Sir" with which Royalty is addressed in England by its greatest intimates—a word that gives a little piquancy, on the lips of ladies, to their otherwise most familiar talk. The gentleman of the nursery rhyme who clothes the naked and feeds the hungry each day—when he dresses himself and has his own meals—might have a yet more philanthropic career on the same lines were he the Prince of Wales. For the Prince is always asking himself to dinner. He is not otherwise asked, except when some great occasion warrants a negotiation with an equerry, who sounds the Prince as to his willingness to receive an unsolicited invitation.

Otherwise the Prince says: "I wish you would ask me to dinner."

"Delighted, Sir," says the honored subject.

"Then please arrange an evening with my equerry."

The Prince is always a punctual guest, and it is etiquette for everybody else to arrive before him. The American Ambassador, I have noticed, is not an invariable observer of the rather irksome rule. Etiquette is not over with the Prince's advent. If he stands, nobody sits down.

Now it happened that at the dinner-party at which the American Ambassador arrived after the Prince—thereby distracting for the moment the hostess' attention from her absolute devotion to the Royal guest—the chairs and sofas were all of a very low build. The Prince eyed them and decided that if he sat down he could not, with his huge figure, easily rise up again. So when the gentlemen came to the drawing-room after dinner, all the ladies stood up, and had to remain standing throughout the evening. What makes the situation worse is that nobody but the Prince can end it; for it is not etiquette to say good-by so long as the Prince remains. It is an axiom that you cannot wish to quit the society of a Prince. He must "dismiss" his best friends.

All the same, there are some subjects who have refused to be brought into subjection. When the Prince sent in the list of guests he wished to be asked with him by the Duke of Richmond for the Goodwood races of last year, the Duke shied. The Prince had for thirty years been the annual guest of the Duke, who owns the only private stand upon the course. But last year he went instead to a country place near at hand. The two house-parties represented two elements in English society—the best set and the Prince's set, which is not the best. The Duke and Duchess of Devonshire were of the Prince's company. The Duke of Richmond's party included the Duke and Duchess of Portland. The tact with which the Prince met this opposition, and the methods by which he has conciliated all parties since, remain as a monumental instance of that final perseverance with which he always pursues his end until he reaches it.

"Kings wisdom gain, consorting with the wise." So said Sophocles, and so the modern man in the street imagines. The Prince of Wales has always been studiously polite to professors, to priests, to politicians, to poets even. But they have never struck him as exactly adding to the gayety of nations. And a gay man the Prince is by temperament, and a gay man by habit at the age of fifty-nine. The truth is that, in going to the houses of "new" people he has had greater freedom. He could send his own lists of fellow-guests unquestioned—a process under which some of "the old nobility" grew restive, as we have seen. Moreover, he could confer favors by going to so-called inferiors; and a good-natured Prince will always experience the weariness of the waiting and the unrealities of the probation for a throne; the dullness of the convention that is the life of Princes; the servitude of its publicity; and, remembering all this, the obliged "inferiors" make liberal allowances for the Prince who passes his life literally as the Prisoner of the King.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

How Mr. Whitney was Found Out

Hon. William C. Whitney, statesman, millionaire, trust magnate, lover of fine horses and former Secretary of the Navy, is a fine-looking man, and has but just turned the sixty-year point. He is for the second time a widower, and his first wife was a daughter of the late United States Senator Payne, of Ohio.

His marriage with Miss Payne took place in Cleveland, and after the ceremony the couple were driven, unaccompanied, to the railroad station.

"We shan't let anybody know we are newly made bride and groom," said Mr. Whitney. "We'll act just like old married folks. It always seems so foolish for bridal couples to flaunt the fact that they are just married." Mrs. Whitney warmly agreed, and the two entered a parlor car and quietly seated themselves.

The train stopped at several stations before reaching Buffalo, and at one of them a newly married country couple came aboard, after being pelted to the very doors of the car with showers of rice by a throng of laughing friends. All this did not embarrass them in the least. They merely looked supremely happy, and then, as the train pulled out, proceeded to bill and coo unrestrainedly.

The other passengers either smiled or looked annoyed, but to all manifestations, whether pleasant or otherwise, the couple paid no attention. They were just married and they didn't care who knew it.

"How ridiculous we should be, if we were making an exhibition like that of ourselves!" said Mr. Whitney. "We are too sensible for that. No one can possibly suspect that we are just married!"

"No one can possibly suspect it," agreed Mrs. Whitney. "How wise we were to decide to keep the fact to ourselves!"

At Erie the train stopped for some minutes on account of a hot box, and a few of the passengers got out and walked up and down the platform. Mr. Whitney was one; the newly made country bridegroom was another. Whenever they passed, on their walk on the boards, the youthful countryman leered at Mr. Whitney with a knowing grin. Finally he walked up to him and, giving him a vigorous punch in the ribs, chucklingly exclaimed, to the wealthy man's consternation:

"Well, we're both of us in the same boat, I see!"

The New Minister from Japan

Minister Kogoro Takahira, the new Japanese representative at Washington, has already proved himself a worthy successor of the able diplomats who have represented the Mikado in this country for the last decade. From his appearance he might be mistaken for a professor of some foreign university. He dresses, however, in the latest American style, and combines the business habits of our own land with the suavity of Japan.

He has traveled extensively, and studied law and diplomacy under the best masters in Europe as well as in his native land. He belongs to the progressive school of Oriental thought and is a firm believer in the great future of his own Empire.

At a diplomatic reception, speaking of Japan, he said: "We have adopted American methods, or at least such of them as are adapted to our civilization. Our railways, telegraphs, telephones and electric lights will stand comparison with those in any American city. We have developed our commerce, both coastwise and foreign, and now run our own steamers from Yokohama and Nagasaki to America, India, Australia, and even to England.

"A few years ago we had a panic in respect to coal, and some pessimists believed that we were on the point of exhausting our coal beds. This led to a careful examination by both the government experts and patriotic scientists, and the result was the discovery of new coal fields in Japan proper and the exploitation of the wonderful coal beds in Formosa.

"We haven't any coal trusts as yet, or any coal strikes, but those are achievements of your civilization which we may yet experience."

Mr. Takahira leaves the post of Vice-Minister of Foreign Affairs to accept this embassy. He has had a diplomatic and state career of twenty-five years, beginning as an attaché at Washington. Since then he has held, among other positions, those of Minister to Holland, to Austria and to Italy.

Chief Pleasant Porter a Good Indian

"The greatest living statesman of his race," is the manner in which Pleasant Porter, Chief of the Creek tribe of Indians, has been described by men prominent in Congress and in the Cabinet. Chief Porter rules the Creek Indians, who live in Indian Territory and who comprise one of the richest tribes in the country.

Despite their wealth they have been very backward about accepting civilization, and to Porter belongs the credit of placing them in the right path. He belongs to what is known as the progressive element of the Five Civilized Tribes, and he is again prominent in the West through his efforts to induce the Indians to accept the allotment of their lands and become citizens of the United States.

"General" Porter is well known and highly esteemed in diplomatic and official circles in Washington, where he has visited many times as the representative of his people. His tribesmen say he is a full-blooded Creek Indian, but one would scarcely guess it by talking with or seeing him.

He has served twice as chief of his tribe, and will probably be their last chief as he is strongly in favor of dropping the tribal government and accepting the national citizenship. He is for the abolition of the old Indian laws and customs because he believes this best for the red race. The Creek statesman is just fifty years old. He is a fine orator and is said to speak seven languages, although one can never get him to talk about his own accomplishments. During the Creek rebellion, in 1882, he was the leader of the conservative forces, and won favorable comment from the United States for his attempt to put down the uprising.

Mrs. Carter and the Fighting Londoners

Mrs. Leslie Carter, the American actress, is a very observant woman. One day, during her recent London engagement, in chatting with some English actors and actresses, she said:

"Your poorer people in London must be very quarrelsome; both men and women of them seem to do a great deal of fighting among themselves."

"Oh, I don't know," replied an Englishman. "What makes you think so?"

"Well, in my short walk from the Strand to Charing Cross Road, this morning, I met more people—poor people from their dress—with black eyes and eyes bound up than I should see in a month in New York."

The company smiled, and one broke the news gently to Mrs. Carter that, with the London poor, the ophthalmic department of the Charing Cross Hospital, which stands between the Strand and Charing Cross Road, is very popular, and that poor people come there to get free attention. That explained the number of black eyes she had seen.

The Oldest Living Graduate of Yale

The Nestor of the American Bar is the Hon. Benjamin D. Silliman, who resides in Brooklyn, and, though ninety-five years of age, carries on an important law practice in New York.

He is the oldest living graduate of Yale, and, so far as is known, the oldest alumnus in either the New World or the Old. He was one of the founders of the New York Bar Association, in the early part of the century, and is the only survivor of the great crowd of legal lights who coöperated with him in that important project.

Despite his advanced age he is still a fine-looking man, with a fine complexion, bright eyes and clear-cut features. He is as neat and dressy in his personal appearance as a young man just attaining his majority. He is a speaker of the old school, and at a recent celebration in his honor delivered an address which was Addisonian in its style and finish. His reminiscences would fill volumes, as he has always taken an active interest in public affairs and has been on terms of friendship with many of the leading men of the country for three generations.

The late Rev. Richard S. Storrs once said: "There is a law of contrarieties which often makes a man the opposite of his name. Mr. Stout is usually thin, and the only Mr. Thynne was very fat. Men named Short are often tall and those named Long are below medium height. I once knew a very foolish man named Wise, and one of the wisest men I ever knew is our distinguished friend, Silliman."

Getting a Duke's Full Name

The present Duke of Norfolk is so public-spirited that, in spite of his enormous wealth and his dignities, he held the harassing and laborious place of Postmaster-General in Lord Salisbury's Cabinet until the South African War. The Duke, though he is the Premier Duke and Earl of England, and Hereditary Grand Marshal, with a string of titles a yard long, is plain and unassuming in appearance and manner.

He looks like a prosperous farmer, has a beard that gets trimmed when he happens to think of it, and his clothes have the appearance of having been bought at a second-hand shop.

He made one of the best Postmasters-General England has ever had. He was always on the alert to see that his subordinates did their duty.

One day a year or two ago he went into a small post-office and telegraph station, which was in charge of a smartly dressed young post-mistress who was busily talking with a young man, who lounged languidly on the desk.

With some difficulty the Duke found a telegraph blank and pen and ink, without any assistance from the young woman, and he wrote a dispatch which he signed, "Norfolk."

He then said quietly: "Will you kindly send this at once?"

No notice was taken of him and the post-mistress continued to talk glibly to her admirer. A second and a third time the Duke tried to secure her attention and finally succeeded. She read the dispatch negligently, and then, flipping it back, said airily:

"Sign your first name. We don't take dispatches signed with the last name only."

The Duke amended his signature to "The Duke of Norfolk," and quietly handed it in. The young woman grew pale as she read it, and paler still when the Duke, writing another dispatch, passed it to her, politely saying: "This goes free, as official matter." It was addressed to the young woman's chief, and ran thus: "Have Miss Blank, of Blank Station, removed at once for inattention to duty." Tears and supplications followed, and the Duke finally consented to withhold the second dispatch, but with a warning.

But the condescending remark, "Sign your first name," was too good to keep, and the Duke told the story, whereupon his friends declared the joke to be on himself and not on the post-mistress.

Young Barbarians. *By* Ian Maclaren

GUERILLA WARFARE

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—they chaffed and teased him till his life was a burden

THERE is no person in a Scots country town to be compared with a Bailie for authority and dignity, and Bailie MacConachie, of Muirtown, was a glory to his order. Provosts might come and go—creatures of three years—but this man remained in office forever, and so towered above his brethren of the same kind that the definite article was attached to his title, and to quote "the Bailie" without his name was the recognized form, and an end to all controversy.

Nature had been kind to him, and, entering into the designs of Providence, had given him a bodily appearance corresponding to his judicial position. He stood six feet in his boots, and his erect carriage conveyed the impression of six inches more. His waistband approached forty-eight inches; but, to do the great man justice, his chest measure was forty-two. His chin rested in folds upon his stock, and his broad, clean-shaven, solemn, immovable countenance suggested unfathomable depths of wisdom. His voice was deep and husky, and the clearing of his throat with which he emphasized his deliverances could be heard half a street away and was like the sealing of a legal deed.

Never since he became a Bailie had he seen his boots—at least upon his feet—and his gait, as became his elevation, was a stately amble, as when a huge merchantman puts out to sea, driving the water before her bow and yet swaying gently from side to side in her progress. Sunday and Saturday—except when officiating at the Sacrament, and of course then he was in full blacks—the Bailie wore exactly the same kind of dress—a black frock coat, close buttoned, and gray trousers, with a dark blue stock—his one concession to color. As his position was quite assured, being, in the opinion of many, second only to that of the Sheriff and the Fiscal, he could afford to wear his clothes to the bone, and even to carry one or two stains upon his paunch as a means of identification. Walking through the town he stood at his full height, with his hands folded upon the third button of his coat; but when he reached the North Meadow, on his way home, and passed the Seminary, he allowed his head to droop, and clasped his hands behind after the manner of the great Napoleon, and then it was understood that the Bailie's mind was wrestling with the affairs of State. People made way for him upon the street, and were pleased with a recognition, which always took the form of a judgment from the Bench, even though it dealt with the weather or the crops.

There was no occasion, either in the Council or in the Presbytery, when the Bailie did not impress; but every one agreed that he arose to his height on the Bench. No surprise, either of evidence or of law, could be sprung on him, no sensational incident ever stirred him, no excitement of the people ever carried him away. He was the terror of the publicans, and would refuse a license, if he saw fit, without any fear; but if the Teetotalers tried to dictate to him, he would turn upon them and rend his own friends without mercy. When any Muirtown sinner was convicted in his court he would preface his sentence with a ponderous exhortation, and if the evidence were not sufficient he would allow the accused to go as an act of grace, but warn him never to appear again, lest a worse thing should befall him.

There are profane people in every community, and there were those in Muirtown who used to say in private places that the Bailie was only a big drum full of emptiness and sound; but the local lawyers found it best to treat him with respect, and until the Seminary boys took his Majesty in hand he had never been worsted. No doubt an Edinburgh advocate, who had been imported into a petty case to browbeat the local Bench, thought he had the Bailie on the hip when that eminent man, growing weary of continual allusions to "the defunct," said that if he heard anything more about "the defunct" he would adjourn the case for a week and allow him to appear in his own interests. Then the advocate explained with elaborate politeness that he was afraid that even the summons of the Muirtown Bench could not produce this party, and that his appearance, if he came, might secure the Court to himself.

"You mean," said the Bailie, eying the advocate with unmoved dignity, "that the man is dead. Quite so! Quite so! But let me tell you that if you had been a Muirtown solicitor you would have had your case better prepared, and not wasted our time with the talk of dead people. You are still young, and when you have had more experience you will know that it is only the evidence of living witnesses that can be received in a court of justice. Proceed with your case and confine yourself to relevant evidence—yes, sir, relevant evidence."

It only shows the inherent greatness of the man, that in private life the Bailie followed the calling of an Italian warehouseman, which really, in plain words, was the same thing as a superior grocer; nor was he above his trade for eight hours of the day. When not engaged in official work he could be found behind his counter, and yet even there he seemed to be upon the Bench. His white apron he wore as a robe of office; he heard, with a judicial air, what the ladies had to say, correcting them if they hinted at any tea costing less that four and sixpence per pound, commanding a cheese to be brought forward for inspection as if it had been a prisoner in the dock, probing it with searching severity and giving a judgment upon it from which there was no appeal. He distinguished between customers, assigning to each such provisions as were suitable for their several homes, inquiring in a paternal manner after the welfare of their children, and when the case was concluded—that is to say, the tea and the sugar bought—even descending to a certain high level of local gossip. When the customer left the shop it was with a sense of privilege, as if one had been called up for a little to sit with the judge.

It was understood that only people of a certain standing were included among the Bailie's customers, and the sight of the Countess of Kilspindie's carriage at his door marked out his province of business. Yet if a little lassie stumbled into the shop and asked for a pennyworth of peppermints, he would order her to be served, adding a peppermint or two more, and some good advice which sent away the little woman much impressed, for though the Bailie made one big, foolish mistake, and suffered terribly in consequence thereof, he was a good and honest man.

The Bailie committed only one public mistake in his life, but it was on the largest scale, and every one wondered that a man so sagacious should have deliberately entered into a feud with the boys of the Seminary. The Bailie had battled in turn with the Licensed Victuallers, who as a fighting body are not to be despised; with the Teetotalers, who also know something about fighting; with the Tories, who were his opponents, and with the Liberals, his own party, when he happened to disagree with them; with the Town Council, whom he vanquished, and with the Salmon Fishery Board, whom he brought to terms; but all those battles were as nothing to a campaign with the boys. There is all the difference in the world between a war with regulars, conducted according to the rules of military science, and a series of guerilla skirmishes, wherein all the chances are with the alert and light-armed enemy.

Any personage who goes to war with boys is bound to be beaten, for he may threaten and attack, but he can hardly ever hurt them, and never possibly can conquer them. And they will buzz around him like wasps, will sting him and then be off, will put him to shame before the public, will tease him on his most sensitive side, will lie in wait for him in unexpected places with an ingenuity and a perseverance and a mercilessness which are born of the Devil, who in such matters is the unfailing ally of all genuine boys.

It was no doubt annoying to a person of the Bailie's dignity and orderliness to see the terrace in which the Seminary stood, and which had the honor of containing his residence, turned into a playground, and outrageous that Jock Howieson, playing rounders in front of a magistrate's residence, should send the ball crack through the plate-glass window of a magistrate's dining-room. It was fearsome conduct on the part of Jock, and even the ball itself might have known better; but the Bailie might have been certain that Jock did not intend to lose his ball and his game also, and the maddest thing the magistrate could have done was to make that ball a cause of war.

It was easy enough to go to Bulldog's classroom and lodge a complaint, but as he could not identify the culprit, and no one would tell on Jock, the Bailie departed worsted, and the address which he gave the boys was received with derision. When he turned from the boys to the master he fared no better, for Bulldog, who hated telltales and had no particular respect for Bailies, told the great man plainly that his (Bulldog's) jurisdiction ceased at the outer door of the Seminary, and that it was not his business to keep order in the terrace. Even the sergeant, when the Bailie commanded him to herd the boys in the courtyard, forgot the respect due to a magistrate and refused pointblank, besides adding a gratuitous warning, which the Bailie deeply resented, to let the matter drop, or else he'd repent the day when he interfered with the laddies.

"I was a sergeant in the Black Watch, Bailie, and I was through the Crimean War—ye can see my medals; but it takes me all my time to keep the pack in hand within my ain jurisdiction; and if ye meddle wi' them outside yir jurisdiction, I tell ye, Bailie, they'll mak a fool o' ye afore they're done wi' ye in face o' all Muirtown. There's a way o' managin' them, but peety ye if ye counter them. Noo, when they broke the glass in the Count's windows, if he didna pretend that he couldna identify them and paid the cost himself! He may be French, but he's long-headed, for him and the laddies are that friendly there's nuthing they wouldna do for him. As ye value yir peace o' mind, Bailie, and yir posecution in Muirtown, dinna quarrel wi' the Seminary. They're fine laddies as laddies go; but for mischief, they're juist born deevils."

There is a foolish streak in every man, and the Bailie went on to his doom. As the authorities of the Seminary refused to do their duty—for which he would remember them in the Council when questions of salary and holidays came up—the Bailie fell back on the police, who had their own thoughts of his policy, but dared not argue with a magistrate; and one morning an able-bodied constable appeared on the scene and informed the amazed school that he was there to prevent them from playing on the terrace. No doubt he did his duty according to his light, but neither he nor six constables could have quelled the Seminary any more than you could hold quicksilver in your hand.

When he walked with stately step up and down the broad pavement before Bulldog's windows the Seminary went up and played opposite the Bailie's house, introducing his name into conversation, with opprobrious remarks regarding the stoutness of his person and the emptiness of his head, and finally weaving his name into a verse of poetry which was composed by Sparrow, but is not suitable for printing in a family magazine. If a constable, with the fear of the magistrate before his eyes, went up to stand as a guard of honor before the Bailie's house, the school went down then to the Russian guns and held a meeting of triumph, challenging the constable to come back to the Seminary, and telling him what they would do to him. They formed a bodyguard around him some days, keeping just out of reach, and marched along with him, backward and forward; other days they chaffed and teased him till his life was a burden to him, for he had no power to arrest them, and at his heart he sympathized with them. And then, at last, being weary of the constable, the school turned its attention to the Bailie.

One afternoon a meeting of choice spirits was held in the North Meadow, beyond the supervision of the constable; and after the Bailie had been called every name of abuse known to the Seminary, and the Sparrow had ransacked the resources of the stable-yard in profanity, he declared that the time had now come for active operation, and that the war must be carried into the enemy's country. The Sparrow declared his conviction in the vernacular of the school, which is here translated into respectable language, that the Bailie was a gentleman of exceptionally discreditable pedigree, that his conduct as a boy was beyond description, and that his private life was stained with every vice; that his intellect would give him a right to be confined in the county asylum, and that he had also qualified by his way of living for the county jail; that he didn't wash more than once a

—an art committee met in a stable-loft

Editor's Note—This is the sixth and last story in the series, Young Barbarians, which began in The Saturday Evening Post of May 26.

year; that it was a pity he didn't attend to his own business, and that he had very little business to do; that he would soon be bankrupt, and that if he wasn't bankrupt already it was only because he cheated in his change, that he sanded his sugar, and that his weights and measures were a scandal, but that the Seminary must do what they could to lead him to honest ways and teach him industry, and that he (Spug), with the aid of one or two friends, would do his best for the reformation of Bailie MacConachie, and in this way return good for evil, as Mr. Byles, assistant in the department of mathematics, used to teach. And the school waited with expectation for the missionary effort upon which Spug, with the assistance of Howieson and Bauldie, was understood to be engaged.

Next Friday evening an art committee met in a stable loft on the premises of Mr. McGuffie, senior, and devoted their skill—which was greater than they ever showed in their work—to the elaboration of a high-class advertisement which was to be shown around a certain district in Muirtown, and which they hoped would stimulate the custom at Bailie MacConachie's shop. Howieson had provided two large boards such as might be hung one on the breast and one on the back of a man, and those Spug had cut to the proper size and pasted over with thick white paper. Upon them, Bauldie, who had quite a talent for drawing, wrought assiduously for a space of two hours, with the assistance and encouragement of his friends, and when they set the boards up against the wall the committee was greatly pleased. Spug read aloud the advertisement with much unction:

CHEAP TEA! CHEAP TEA! CHEAP TEA!

BAILIE MacCONACHIE'S

49 ST. ANDREW'S STREET

TWELVEPENCE HALFPENNY PER POUND

Sale Begins at One o'Clock on Saturday

GLASS OF WHISKEY FREE TO ALL PURCHASERS

Be Early. BAILIE MacCONACHIE'S *Be Early*

CHEAP TEA! CHEAP TEA! CHEAP TEA!

The three artists contained themselves till they came to the last "Cheap Tea," then Jock knocked Bauldie down among the hay, and Spug fell on the top of them, and they rolled in one bundle of delight, arising from time to time to study the advertisement and taste its humor.

"'Bankrupt stock!'" cried Bauldie, "and him an elder of the kirk! That'll learn him to be complaining of his windows."

"'Poor people specially invited,' and calls himself an Italian warehouseman! I would give half a dozen ginger beers to see Lady Kilspindie there," stammered Jock with delight. "'Glass of whiskey free!'"—and Spug took a fresh turn in the hay. "It's against law to drink whiskey in a grocer's shop, and him a magistrate! He'll no meddle wi' the Seminary again."

"'Be early!'" chanted Jock; "'be early!' My word! They'll be there, all the wanfies of Muirtown; and there'll no be room in the street. 'Glass of whiskey free!'" and Jock wiped his eyes with his knuckles.

Upon Saturday, at noon, just as the Bailie was going along the terrace to his house and congratulating himself that on that day at least he was free from all annoyance by the way, another character from Muirtown had started out through a very different part of the fair city.

London John was as well known in Muirtown as the Bailie himself, and in his way was quite as imposing. Tall and gaunt, without an ounce of flesh, and with an inscrutable countenance, dressed in a long frock coat which he had worn for at least a quarter of a century, and a tall hat which he had rescued from an ashpit with the remains of a pair of trousers, and something in the form of a shirt which was only seen when he laid aside the outer garment for active service, London John stalked with majesty.

He earned his living as a sandwich-man, or by carrying in coals, or by going errands, or by emptying ashpits. He could neither read nor write, but he remembered numbers and never forgot what was due to him, and the solitary subject on which he spoke was the wonders of London, where it was supposed he had lost such reason as was once his.

His coming was always welcome in the poorer parts of the town, for the sake of his discourse on London, but never had he received such an ovation before in the Vennel, which was largely inhabited by tramps and tinkers, unskilled laborers and casuals of all kinds.

The cheap tea might not have aroused their enthusiasm, but at the mention of a free glass of whiskey the deepest emotions of the Vennel were stirred.

"Tea at elevenpence h'penny," cried Tinkler Tam, who jogged around the country with petty wares, which he sold in exchange for rabbit skins, old clothes, and other débris of a house, "and a glass of whiskey free! My certes! let me get a sight of that", and London John was brought to a standstill while Tam read aloud the advertisement to a crowd who could appreciate the cheapness of the tea, and whose tongues began to hang out at the very thought of the whiskey.

"Lee!" cried the traveling merchant, touched at the suggestion of such deceit. "He daurna do sic a thing, else his shop would be gutted. Na, na, it reads plain as a pike staff; ye pay elevenpence halfpenny and ye get a pound of tea and a glass of whiskey. I count it handsome o' the Bailie. And if they dinna say he was a Teetotaler!"

"He gave me six days in the Court," said Jess Mitchell, who had had a difference of opinion with another lady in the

It was at this point that the Bailie arrived and was received with frantic applause

Vennel and received the Bailie's best attention from the Bench, "and if I hadna to hear him preach a sermon as long as my leg besides—confound him for a smooth tongued, psalm singin', bletheron' old idiot! But I bear him no grudge; I'll hae a taste of that whiskey, though I'm no mindin' so much about the tea. The sooner we're at the place the better, for I'll be bound there'll be more tea bought this nicht in Muirtown than a' the last year." And there was a general feeling that the Vennel should make no delay, lest some other locality should obtain the first call.

As London John went on his way the news spread through the back streets and closes, and the Bailie's generous invitation fell on responsive ears. And if any person was inclined to doubt, there was the advertisement in plain terms, and over the board with its engaging news the austere and unmoved countenance of London John. That worthy could give no information about the remarkable placard, not even from whom he received it; but he was quite sure that he was to take it through the Vennel and neighboring streets for two hours, and that he had received a shilling for his labor, which he proposed to spend at Bailie MacConachie's when his task was done. He also explained that in London, where he used to reside, whiskey ran like water, and ten could be had for the asking. But his hearers had no interest that day in London.

It struck the Bailie as he returned from midday dinner and long before he reached St. Andrew's Street, that something was happening, and he wondered whether they were changing the cavalry at the barracks. People looked curiously at him and, having made as though they would have spoken, passed on shaking their heads. When he turned into the familiar street, down which he was accustomed to parade with a double weight of dignity, an enlivening spectacle met his eyes. Every shopkeeper was out at his door, and would indeed have been along the street had he not judged it wiser to protect his property, and the windows above the shops were full of faces. Opposite his own most respectable place of business the street was crammed from side to side with a seething mob, through which Mr. McGuffie, senior, was striving to drive a dog cart with slender success and complaining loudly of obstruction. Respectable working women were there, together with their husbands, having finished the day's work; country folk who dropped into the town on the Saturday had been attracted to the scene, the tilltail of Muirtown had come out from their dens and lodging houses, together with that casual population which has nothing particular to do and is glad of any excitement. They were of various kinds and different degrees of respectability, but they were all collected in answer to Bailie MacConachie's generous offer; they were also all ready to buy the tea and a large number of them particularly ready for the whiskey.

The first to arrive on the scene had been Tinkler Tam, who put down eleven pence halfpenny in copper money upon the counter with a clash and informed the Bailie's senior assistant that to save time he would just take the whiskey while they were making up the tea, and was promptly ordered out of the shop for an impudent, drunken blackguard. Tam, in the course of a varied life, was not unaccustomed to be called disrespectful names and it was not the first time he had been requested to leave high-class premises; but for once, at least, he had a perfectly good conscience and a strong ground of complaint.

"Impudent, am I, and drunken, did ye say, ye miserable, white-faced effegy of a counter jumper? If I werena present on business I would put such a face on you that yir mother wouldna know you. I'm here wi' my friends" (great applause from the doorway, where the crowd was listening to the interview) "for a commercial transaction. Div ye no ken, ye misshapen object, that we're here on a special invitation of yir master, sent this morning to the Vennel?" (strong confirmation given under oath by Jess Mitchell,); "and I'll just give you the terms thereof, ye two-faced, lyin', unprincipled wratch" (enthusiastic support from the street).

The ambassador of the proletariat whose constituency filled the outer part of the shop, pressed their faces against the window, swerved with impatience across the street, and also possessed the lamp post for purposes of observation—rehearsed the terms of the advertisement with considerable accuracy, expounded them with various figures of speech, and then issued his ultimatum.

"We have heard the invitation sent out by a magistrate o' Perth, and a man whom I've met on public occasions" (Tam had been prosecuted before the Bailie under the Game Acts); "we're here in response to a public advertisement in terms thereof, and my money is on the counter. I call these persons present to witness that I've fulfilled my side o' the covenant, and I here and now before these witnesses demand the tea and the whiskey as above stated" (howls from the crowd, who were greatly impressed by this judicial effort, and were getting every minute more thirsty).

"It's maist extraordinary that the Bailie is no here himself to receive his friends; but what is done by the servant is done by the master—that's good law" (vehement support from Jess Mitchell, who at the smell of the shop was getting beyond control); "and I give ye two meenuts, my dainty young friend, and if the material be not forthcoming at the end of that time, the law will allow us to help ourselves, and gin *ye* offer ony resistance I'll pit *your* and *your* neebour's inside the sugar cask." And it was fortunate for every person concerned that the police, who had been somewhat perplexed by the circumstances, arrived at the scene, and turned Tinkler Tam and his friends into the street and themselves stood guard over the shop. It was at this point that the Bailie arrived and was received with frantic applause.

(Continued on Page 16)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

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Pulling Out the Eagle's Tail-feathers

AMERICANS are not so thin-skinned as they used to be. They can stand foreign criticism of their acts with reasonable composure. But there is one form of criticism that remains particularly galling. It consists in assuming that we have done something the precise opposite of what we have really done, and then showing with scathing sarcasm what a mean, sneaking proceeding this imaginary performance is.

For instance, in commenting upon the Chinese situation, the London Saturday Review said on September 29

"American impracticability is as evident over the German proposal as it has always been, and the desire to sneak out of responsibility is equally apparent."

Now, if there is anything that is irrefutably established by the records it is the fact that the American policy in China has been throughout strictly practical. It might have been criticised in any other aspect, but practicality has been its one distinguishing note. We put before us certain definite objects—the rescue of our compatriots, the restoration of order, the discouragement of crime and the security of our trade—and we have never wavered in our pursuit of these ends. It is beyond question that but for American determination and energy, Sir Claude MacDonald and the members of his Legation, as well as all the other foreigners in Peking, would now have been dead

On the twenty first of July the same London Saturday Review which is now criticising American "impracticability" and "desire to sneak out of responsibility," assumed that the massacre in Peking was complete, and remarked:

"In the mean time, if all due preventive measures are taken, there is no need to hurry on the expedition against Peking. While there was possibility of rescue it was worth while, it was the Powers' duty, to run great risks in the hope of being in time. But now that the possibility is gone it would be wrong to run any risks. Delay is to be regretted, but reverse might be disastrous"

If this advice had been taken the expedition of the Powers would have found nothing but bones and ashes in the British Legation at Peking. That it was not taken was due simply and solely to the fact that the United States, in the face of the jeers of Europe, insisted that the foreigners might still be living, and that the expedition must press on without delay on the chance that it might still be in time. The Conger telegram substituted an advance on Peking for the memorial services in St. Paul's. The Washington Government was lampooned in England for its childish credulity in entertaining the belief that that telegram might possibly be genuine. Yet we know now that it was genuine, and that the circumstances of its transmission were precisely as represented

The American Government was the only one that was right on that occasion, and its insistence alone put an end to the European policy of comfortably dismissing the legationers as dead and coining their murder into political advantages in China. There has never been an apology for the foreign slurs cast upon us at that time for accepting and acting upon the truth, but possibly the Ministers and other foreigners who were rescued in consequence of our persistence, after their own Governments had decided to abandon them, may feel some emotions of gratitude, which may be shared to some extent at least by their nearest relatives.

One of the mysteries of the times is that so many people would rather be miserable in a great city than comfortable in the country

The Kinetoscopic Passing of Events

THE facility with which the American public forgets tremendous events that have just been absorbing its eager attention, or with which it at least ignores such events and refuses to show any interest in them, is one of the remarkable signs of the times

Nothing, no matter how large or how important, nowadays causes more than a passing ripple of excitement. The Spanish War came—it was quickly finished—and in a few weeks the people refused to read anything in regard to it. Material, no matter how new, or how intrinsically important, could not find a publisher

An awful hurricane devastated Porto Rico. There was an outburst of sympathy and interest. Then that, too, was quickly forgotten. Trouble arose with China, and for a little while Americans were frantic with interest. Long, however, before it was known whether the members of the [illegible] Embassy were safe the interest dulled, and the readers of the American press were overcome with weariness at the bare thought of reading any more. Finally, when it was learned that Minister Conger and others were really safe, the statement of this fact caused an expression of languid interest—the papers were allowed to publish a few narratives and some photographs—and then the public declined to be interested

The Galveston catastrophe came. Money and food were sent. The heart of the country went out in sympathy. The awful story was eagerly read But by the third day there was a distinct falling off in interest. By the fourth scarcely any one outside of Texas cared to read more than the headlines By the next, even the headlines were not looked at. Thus a tremendous happening, which a generation ago would have caused weeks and months of thought and comment, and which would have justified the papers in furnishing an endless series of personal narratives and newly discovered facts, was so neglected as to seem forgotten, within less than a week after it occurred

This swiftness of life and changeability of interest do not betoken a lessening of human sympathy. The splendid response in cases of suffering and destitution contradicts any such thought. But the American people demand a swift succession of changing events to interest them.

The wonderful work of the advanced American newspapers has much to do with this. What would a few years ago have taken weeks of investigation is now given to the public within a few hours. This seems to make the world move more swiftly, and it makes the American people impatient of anything that seems out of date.

The very swiftness of our times has much to do with it. The telephone, the phonograph, the kinetoscope, the constant spread of telegraph and railroad and steamship communication [illegible] all such things [illegible] a greater impatience with any pause.

But it were well if, with all our increasing swiftness, we should stop and think a while now and then

There will never be perfect newspapers until there is a perfect world—and the chances are that even then people will find fault with their lack of interest.

Making Dry Facts Attractive

LONG ago, aloft in his tower on the Perigord Hill, Montaigne wrote: "To the extent that useful thoughts are solid and comprehensive, they are hindering and burdensome." There spoke "science" as we find it in literature. The typical writer on "useful" subjects—that is to say, the typical scientist—would rather fail to score a point than to express one of his discoveries in terms of art. In other words, style, as the literary man understands it, is considered quite destructive of good science. Truth as it exists in Nature may be the scientist's sole object; but even so, there seems to be no just reason why truth should ever wear unbecoming clothes.

Useful things, whether presented as thoughts or set before us in substance, have been always proverbially less attractive to human imagination than things merely ornamental. And from most ancient times down there has been a current impression that it would be well to make useful things look as captivating as those iridescent bubbles of folly after which we all run so eagerly. But the "dignity of science" demands, it is said, the solidity and comprehensiveness which Montaigne found hindering and burdensome

Deep in our hearts not one of us believes it. When we become scientists we will express our startling discoveries in the terms of choicest literary art What a masterpiece Darwin's Descent of Man would be were it written in the style of Walter Pater! We would never read romance if the charm of diction and the grace of composition found in the Marble Faun were attached to books of "useful thought" so as to make them a delight to peruse and a joy to remember.

But the Walter Paters and the Nathaniel Hawthornes, the Robert Louis Stevensons and the Guy de Maupassants—those literary wonder-doers—can never be men of science, we are told The very fact that their minds turned to words and word broidery, rather than to the solid truths of Nature, was the unfailing indication of their absolute unfitness for scientific work. Possibly this is true. Style is a personal zest, but diction is an acquirement, and the two properly coordinated make what we call literary style, which, if truly great, is a matter of immense labor. Men like Hawthorne and Stevenson, or like Flaubert and Walter Pater, could probably never do the work of Mill and Darwin, or even Edison and Tesla, and at the same time acquire that faultless command of diction and composition so vital to literature

Shakespeare and Montaigne are the two writers in all literary history whose greatness seems adequate to the task of making science put on butterfly wings and gorgeous colors for the delectation of a pure and deep artistic taste It would be a hardy critic who would undertake to maintain that Shakespeare has not set many of the solidest and most useful truths of Nature in a frame of incomparable literary style. Nor is Montaigne much, if at all, short of the master poet in the art of expressing the dry facts of life and the useful correlations of natural law in the terms of most seductive art. Indeed, here may be the criterion by which to measure the greatest genius. Ability to master both science and art, so as to garland the one with the other, never losing the dignity due to truth and maintaining ever the splendor of ideal beauty, is the highest mental endowment. Plato transcends Aristotle by this measure, and consequently has always been more acceptable to the best intellects of the world. Men of science may point to Bacon as a splendid example of their sort of man; but the highest compliment ever paid to Bacon was the absurd attempt to prove that he was the author of Shakespeare's plays! Science is excellent in any garb, but clothed in the glory of art it is divine.

Even good persimmons will not fall into the lazy man's lap.

The Public Versus the Strike

IT STRONGLY behooves the public to ask by what authority either side to the great coal strike presumed to allow any stoppage of the coal supply. Similar difficulties are liable to occur at any time, and the public has a right to demand by what warrant any associations, whether of capital or of labor, so acted as to incommode the people, presume to tax the people with heavily increased prices, presume to make suffering and misery among millions who have no connection with the quarrel

The fuel of a country is as much a public utility as its water, its food, its light, its air, its transportation facilities. No body of men should be allowed to interfere with the supply of any of these

The right to get food at a fair price, the right to drink, and breathe and be warm and to travel, are basic rights. When such rights are abridged, when the rightful possessions of the people are withheld from them, liberty ceases.

The question of individual rights is simple. An owner has certain rights as to the hiring or discharging of men and the fixing of wages. A miner has certain rights as to accepting certain wages and agreeing to certain hours and rules. On either side are basic individual rights that must always be respected

But the moment that owners or miners, controlling public utilities, act as a great body they must act with consideration for the public. They are no longer individuals with private rights, but bodies of men bound to render certain duties to the community. The community gives them law and order; it gives them all the benefits of government; and they, in turn, must not act contrary to the community's rights

If owners and workers will not willingly recognize this, they must be made to. Laws that compel the reference of disputes to arbitration must be passed and enforced Laws that permit but do not compel arbitration are worse than useless, for they serve to bring arbitration into disrepute.

To allow the exercise of supposed rights at the expense of the public is contrary to all real liberty. Bodies of men, whether employers or employed, who control heat or food or air or water or transportation, cannot safely be allowed to engage in quarrels in which the public must suffer.

No man is quite so big as he would like other men to think him to be.

The New Chivalry of a New Century

MORE than a hundred years ago one of the wisest statesmen of his century said, "The age of chivalry has gone and one of calculators and economists has succeeded" Thus spoke Burke. A hundred years later one of the most delightful of philosophers and observers remarked, "The age of chivalry is never passed so long as there is a wrong left unredressed on earth." Thus spoke Charles Kingsley. The contrasts of the two centuries show how the world has grown.

We look upon ourselves as mercenary, as material and as commonplace, when as a matter of fact the human race was never so unselfish, so devoted to the higher aspirations of society, and so effectual in its ambitions and processes. Hume, the historian, in one of his essays, speaking of the rise and progress of the arts and sciences, wrote as follows: "As Nature has given man the superiority above women by endowing him with greater strength both of mind and body, it is his part to alleviate that superiority as much as possible, by the generosity of his behavior and by a studied deference and complaisance for all her inclinations and opinions."

It is rather a long sentence and a long way of putting it, and on a general vote of the world it is very doubtful if it would get a majority of the ballots, but as men do most of the writing and most of the speaking in literature and politics the inevitable impression is that women, being inferior, must be lifted by the deference of men.

Hence chivalry. The situation would be much more remarkable if man measured up to his duty. In common honesty it must be said that he does not always meet the requirements of his sex. In supreme moments men die in order to save women, but on the average they refuse to give up their seats in street cars for the tired workers who are obliged to take long trolley rides. And yet there is, especially in America, a fine appreciation of the obligations that the stronger owes to the weaker, and thus we have numberless instances, delightful courtesies and the exhibitions of the desires of men to do all they can to make happy and comfortable the fortunes of women

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES"

MR HENRY LABOUCHÈRE

Great Britain's New Parliament

In November the British Parliament, with a new House of Commons, convenes in Westminster. The old Parliament was prorogued on the twenty-fifth of September, and since that time electons have been held in 644 constituencies, which, owing to the fact that some of the boroughs have two members each, return 670 members. Of these 465 are from England, 30 from Wales, 72 from Scotland and 103 from Ireland. With certain exceptions, any man of full age, a citizen of Great Britain, may be elected to represent a constituency in the House of Commons. He need have no property and he gets no pay. The clergymen of the Established Church, Roman Catholic priests, and certain peers and judges are among those who are disqualified

The House of Lords remains always practically the same It is the show part of Parliament, the part which the Queen meets and which has the aristocracy and the style, but the House of Commons is the Government of Great Britain. Its powers and privileges are not exceeded by those of any other legislative body. It has exclusive control of the national estimates, and in it the majority of important legislative proposals originate. It sticks to its rights, and while Royalty has no direct connection with it, it is one of the boasts of the House that when the Prince of Wales vis ts it he must take his hat off, thus in a way bowing to the will of the people whose representatives, unawed by the Royal presence, sit below with their hats on.

The Long and Short Parliaments

The recent Parliament was elected in the summer of 1895 and assembled on August 12 of that year. It lasted five years, one month and thirteen days. The possible legal life of Parliament is seven years, but very seldom does one continue that long. Gladstone's Liberal Parliament of seventeen years ago lasted a little less than three years, and the Parliament which succeeded it, the shortest during the reign of Queen Victoria, lasted only five months and fourteen days

In the Parliament that recently expired the Conservatives and the Liberal Unionists together had a majority of 152—340 Conservatives and 71 Liberal Unionists, a total of 411. The Opposition consisted of 177 Liberalists and 82 Irish Nationalists—259 altogether. In the bye-elections the Opposition reduced the majority to 130. The new Parliament starts in with a good majority for the Conservatives.

Where England Beats Us in Time

One good thing about an English election is that the thing is quickly done. In America our contests drag on for the better part of a year, and then it is usually another year before a new Congress gets down to work. In Great Britain, as illustrated by recent events, there is only about five weeks from the death of the old Parliament to the beginning of the new one In that time things are turned up and around mightily. It would not be correct, however, to suppose that all the politics are concentrated in that brief period For years, some of those who want to become or to continue as members of Parliament are electioneering and preparing for the next general election. But the direct election campaign itself, with its excitements, takes nothing like so much time as we give to such an event in this country

In another way Great Britain saves time. In every new Congress we have to elect a new Speaker. The Speaker of the House of Commons is practically a permanent officer, and he is obliged to be absolutely impartial. This year Right Honorable William Court Gully was elected without opposition, and when Parliament meets he keeps the business going as calmly as the head of a firm just back from a vacation

A Pretty Hot Fight After All

At first it was thought that the contest would be lukewarm. The Liberals were united on no policy, some of them refusing to disapprove of the war in South Africa. There were exceptions, of course—for instance, Sir William Vernon Harcourt declared on the stump: "The result of the Government's policy is that we are now the most hated country in the world, and burdened with an accumulated debt and an increased taxation We might well regard our national finances with the greatest apprehension. The cost of the war will not fall short of £100,000,000

Lord Rosebery said: "The Government's conduct of the South African War has exposed England to humiliation unparalleled since the American War"; and John Morley declared: "In a single year the work of a generation in uniting the Dutch and English in South Africa has been undone, and not even in Ireland has the race question been more miserably mishandled" And, of course, Henry Labouchère, the Radical, was even more severe. Other speakers declared that the Government was making another Ireland in South Africa, and that the approval of the administration would mean a policy of imperialism for generations, to the great detriment of the home government and the demoralization of its finances

But even a war bill of $500,000,000 and all the prophecies of evil from the doings in Africa did not have much effect upon the voters. The campaign was uninteresting as a whole, but it had its points of excitement. For instance, Mr. Chamberlain enjoyed a lively experience in his own city and he was accused of various things, one accusation being that his family had profited from the navy contracts.

One of the liveliest fights was that won by John Burns, the Labor leader, who fought the war with all his rugged vigor from beginning to end. The opposition to him was made pointed, and there was an expenditure of plenty of money and plenty of effort, but he increased his majority by one vote over that of five years ago, and when his election was announced his district went mad with enthusiasm, the revelries exceeding anything in London for many a day. Labouchère was bitterly opposed, but was elected as usual

Writers in Britain's Legislature

One interesting fact in regard to the new candidates was the large number of writers among them, including several of the familiar and popular contributors to recent numbers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, such as James Bryce and Gilbert Parker. With them were Winston Churchill, John Morley, Anthony Hope, and many others who are prominent in the literature of the day. In no other country are political life and literary life so frequently followed by the same persons, and, indeed, the two careers seem essentially different Of course, membership in Parliament has a large social value besides the advantages of the experience it gives to those who go through it

Some may wish that in this country we could get a few more of our bright and well-informed literary men in Congress. At present we have to make indifferent writers out of good Congressmen. Of course, it would seem that the good writers would at once become good Congressmen—but, as a matter of fact, American literary men have almost without exception been failures in the House of Representatives

Big Questions for the New Body

It is freely predicted that the new Parliament will be short-lived. The old Parliament was prorogued at a time when the Conservatives would have the best possible chance of being returned. They floated back on the war wave

The really big questions are yet to come, and it will be a strong administration that handles them without being returned to the voters. In finance the responsibilities will be great The permanent expenditures are estimated at over $600,000,000 a year, and there may be emergency expenditures of as much more. In fact the emergency expenditures alone have been estimated at as high a figure as $750,000,000—an enormous sum for Great Britain to pay

Another question will be the reform of the army. The old methods have been cumbersome and have cost thousands of lives and millions of money. The Englishmen admit that their army is far behind the times, that it is full of abuses, and that it will require hard and arduous labor to bring it into proper shape. Inevitably, the discussion of this question will bring out scandals, just as in our own experience following the close of the war with Spain

Still another thing is the change which has been demanded in the franchise. Under the present law a year's residence in the same property is required for voting. The consequence is that tens of thousands of the poorer classes, who move from place to place, and who do not occupy, one year, the same quarters that they did twelve months before, cannot vote. It is demanded that the time limit be reduced at least one half. There are also certain religious and school questions which will demand attention and give the party in power all that it can do.

Last but not least is the critical situation in China, and the unlimited complications which it may involve.

RT HON WILLIAM COURT GULLY

The General Campaign in Canada

"The British Empire is equal in size to four Europes and its population numbers about 400,000,000." This is the statement of the President of the Geographical Section of the British Association. The largest single part, territorially, of this great aggregation of lands and people is Canada, and while Great Britain has been having trouble in her own politics, Canada has been keeping her company, for our northern neighbor has also a general election this year. The Liberal Government, in Canada, has been in power, and it ended the fiscal year with a pleasant surplus of over eight millions of dollars. Its record has been a remarkable one. It began in 1896 with a majority of about 30. Since then there were forty-five bye-elections to fill vacancies caused by resignation and other causes, and out of these it elected 42 members, so that in the full house of 213 members it finally secured a majority of 58, a record unprecedented in Canadian history

This year's campaign opened on September 20 in Montreal, and Sir Wilfred Laurier addressed 7000 people in French. Among other things, he said: "We have settled the school question; we have reformed the tariff, we have found a way to diminish taxation without injuring commerce; we have denounced the Belgian and German treaties which fettered our commercial arrangements, and by that act alone Canada has become a nation in a sense that it never was before."

The charges of the Conservatives, some of whom, in their speeches, were rather vigorous against the United States, were that Sir Wilfred's administration had not been sufficiently zealous in getting a preferential tariff with England It had done something, but not half enough. Judging from the speeches it seems to be the wish of many leading Canadians that the closest possible arrangements be made between Canada and the mother country, by which larger preferences in tariff rates shall be given to Canadian products entering English ports, and to English products entering Canadian ports. In other words, upon the English system of free trade there should be grafted a somewhat intricate tariff system. Sir Wilfred's reply was that it would take time

In the speeches of the campaign there breathed a fervent home spirit and a desire to get along without the products of the United States, but to secure as much of our purchasing trade as possible. It is rather difficult to draw a distinction, but it may be put somewhat as follows: The Liberal party is for free trade with preferential arrangements between Canada and England. The Tory party is for protection

Canada's Effort at Preferential Trade

One of the most interesting efforts to direct trade artificially that the world has ever seen is the same preferential tariff which is figuring so largely in Canadian politics at the present time

In 1897 Canada so adjusted its tariff that the duty on articles entering Canada from the United Kingdom was made twelve and a half per cent less than the rate from other parts of the world. The next year there was another reduction of the same amount, or a total discrimination of twenty-five per cent., against goods coming from other parts of the world This year there was a still further reduction of twelve and a half per cent. Of course the whole purpose of this was to shut out the United States from selling competing products in Canada

But trade often refuses to be confined by artificial barriers, and it is interesting to note that for the fiscal year 1900 the total exports to British North America, from the United States, exceed those of any previous year of our history, being $97,041,722, as against $89,570,458 in 1899, and $84,889,819 in 1898. In spite of the large preferential in favor of the United Kingdom, the United States, except as to a few articles, increased its trade in all directions

Mooswa of the Boundaries. By W. A. Fraser

The Guardians of the Boy

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"HOW fares the Boy, Swift Flyer?" Mooswa asked of the Jay

"Badly, great Bull, badly. One time he takes the two fish this dead thief left—unwillingly enough, no doubt—in his hand and looks at them pitiably; then he takes the white dry-eating—flour, Men call it—and decides of its weight; then with the little stick which makes a black mark he rines cross trails on a board, and mutters about so many pounds of eating for so many days, and always ends by saying 'It can't be done—I shall starve.' Then he comes to the door and looks up over the river trail which way went François, as though he too would pull out for the Landing

That he must not attempt' cried Mooswa decidedly. "Turn your noses brothers, to the wind which comes from the big west hills—moisten them first, so!" and a bluish gray tongue damped the cushion-bulk of his nostrils. All the Council pointed their heads up the wind, and it smote raw in their questioning faces

'Gh-u-r-r!" growled Blue Wolf. "I know; when comes this wind wrath [illegible] the mountains, Mooswa!'

"To-night or to-morrow [illegible]

Then he we close from the time the light fails this day until it is all over; each to his burrow, each to his hollow tree, each to his thick bush," continued Rof. "Frau,ois will not have reached the Landing yet, either Dogs are not like Wolves—perhaps the bizzard will smother them

The Breed-man has the cunning of all animals together," asserted Carcajou. "He will choose a good shelter under a cut bank, even perhaps put the fire medicine to the dry-wood, then all together, as brothers he and the Dogs will lie huddled like a Fox pack, and though the wrath howl for three days none of their lives will go out." The deep thinking little Wolverine knew that Rof was fretting, not because of François, but because of Marsh Maid

'But the Man cub is not like that," declared Bull Moose, "and if he starts, good Jay, do thou fly quickly and bring us tidings Rof, thou and thy pack must turn him in the trail'

"We will" asserted Blue Wolf "All this trouble because of that carrion!" and he disdainfully threw snow over the dead body of Lynx with his powerful hind feet

Whatever Rof's intentions might have been about following on after François, their carrying out was utterly destroyed by the terrific blizzard which started that night. All the next day, and the night after, no living thing stirred from its nest or burrow

Whisky Jack cowered in the lee side shelter of the roof; and inside, Roderick listened to the howling and sobbing of the storm demons that rocked his rude shack like a cradle. Even through the moss chinked, mud plastered log cracks the fine steel dust of the ice hard snow drove It was like emery in its minute hereeness

Spirit voices seemed calling to him from the moaning forest; his imagination pictured the weird storm sounds as the voice of his friend pleading for help Many times he threw the big wooden door bar down from [illegible] and peered out into the [illegible] the angry wind pushed [illegible] him with fretful swing [illegible] time he was sure he heard his comrade's voice, or the howl of Train Dogs; but there was nothing; only the blinding, driving, frozen hail—fine and sharp cutting as the grit of a sandstone. Once he thought the call of a rifle struck on his ear—it was the crash of an uprooted tree, almost deadened by the torturing wind [illegible]

The cold crept into his marrow. All night he kept the fire going, and by dawn his supply of wood had dwindled to nothing; he must have more, or perish. Just outside, in the yard, François had left a pile of dry poplars Almost choked by the snow-powdered air, Rod labored with his ax to cut enough for the day. At intervals he worked, from time to time thawing out his numbed muscles by the fireplace. "One trip more," he muttered throwing down an armful in the shack. "and I'll have enough to last until to morrow—by that time the storm will have ceased, I hope

But on that last short journey a terrible thing happened Blinded by the white-veil of blizzard he swayed as he brought the ax down, and buried the sharp steel in his moccasined foot. "O God!" the Boy cried in despairing agony. He hobbled into the shack, threw the wooden bar into place, tore up a cotton shirt and, from the crude medicine knowledge he had acquired from François, soaked a plug of tobacco, separated the leaves and, putting them next the wound [illegible] the torn cloth tightly about his foot

That night the storm still raged, and his wound brought a delirium of pain which made his fancies even more realistic Whisky-Jack heard him moaning and talking to strange people

Next morning a cold sun came up on a still, tired atmosphere. The fierce blizzard had sucked all life out of the air; the spruce trees' long arms, worn out with swaying and battling, hung asleep in the dead calm: a whisper might have been heard a mile away

At the first glint of light Jack spread his wings, and traveling fast to the home of Black Fox, told of Rod's helpless condition. "Before, it was the hunger-death that threatened; now the frost-sleep will come surely, for he cannot walk, only crawl on his hands and knees like a Bear-cub," said Jay with a world of pity in his voice

"Call Mooswa and Carcajou," cried the Red Widow; "the Boy is in their keeping."

When Wolverine had come he said "There is still a piece of fat-eating each I if I only can find it under this mountain of white fur that covers the breast of the Boundaries'

"That is well, good comrade," declared Black King; "but how shall we get it to the hands of our Man-cub?'

"Place it in the bowl of my horns, said Mooswa, "and I will lay it at his door

Yet the fat-eating may be on one side of the wooden gate, and the Boy starve on the other," remarked Whisky-Jack thoughtfully

'I will knock with my horns, and the Boy will open the gate, thinking it is François'

'Even with a full stomach he may perish from the frost death," continued Jack, "for now he cannot cut wood for his chimney-fire though it is still alive"

"Call Umisk," ordered Black King; "he is a wood-cutter

'[illegible]' sneezed Carcajou in a wheezy voice, for the blizzard had set a cold on his lungs. "If Chisel-Teeth will cut firewood I'll drop it down the chimney and the Boy may yet be kept alive until [illegible] returns. Come with me, Daddy Long-Legs"

Poor old chap!" he said, patting the big nose timidly

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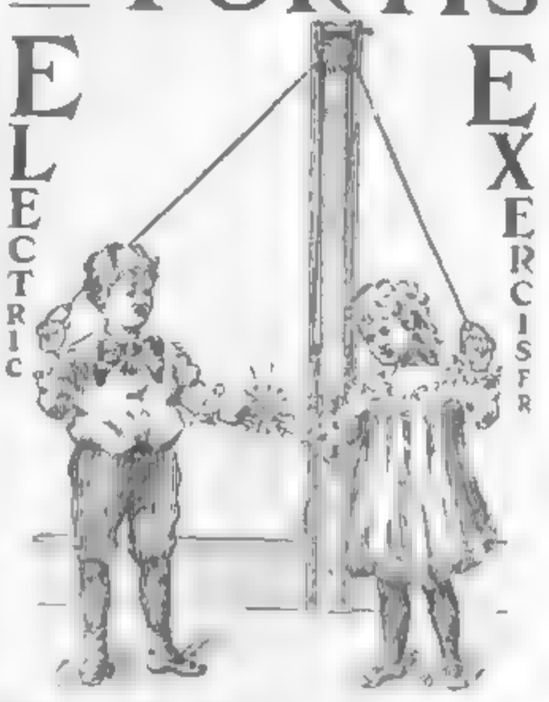

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he continued, addressing Mooswa, "we'll have a look for that cached fat-eating in this wilderness of white frosted water

After a tiresome search they found the bacon that had been hidden by the little hunchback Mooswa carried it to the shack dropping it at the door, against which there was a great drifted snow bank, then he rubbed his horns gently up and down the boards

"Is that you, François?" cried a voice that trembled with gladness from inside the shack There was a fumbling at the door bar, and the next instant it was pulled open

Mooswa almost cried at sight of the pain-pinched, ghostlike face that confronted him, and the Boy recoiled with a look of dismay—the huge head frightened him. Then, catching sight of the bacon, he looked from it to the Bull Moose questioningly; all at once an idea came to him

'You are hungry, too, Mister Moose, are you?" for he remembered stories of severe storms having driven deer and other wild animals to the haunts of Man for food. Evidently the smell of bacon had attracted the Moose, but where in the world had it come from? Had it been left by some chance on the roof, and knocked off by the strong blizzard wind? That seemed a likely solution The Moose was so unafraid, too—it was curious! He reached out and pulled in the bacon—it was like the manna shower

"Poor old chap!" he said, stretching out a hand and patting the big fat nose timidly; "you've come to a bad place for food There's nothing here you can eat

Mooswa stuck out his rough tongue and caressed the wrist. Rod scratched the Bull's forehead in return, and they were friends The big eyes of Mooswa wandered about the bare, pathetic interior. It was a poor enough place for a crippled Boy—but what could be done? "I wish I could speak to him," he thought, rubbing his massive face against the flannel shirt reassuringly. Then he turned and walked solemnly through the little clearing, and disappeared in the thick wood

The bacon put new heart in Roderick. A rational explanation of this advent of the pork appeared to be that it had fallen from the roof; but all through that night of distress the Boy had muttered broken little prayers, just as he had done for years at his mother's knee, and whether it had actually fallen from the roof or from the sky was not the real issue, for he was convinced that it had come in answer to his prayers

The pain crept up his leg, up his back, and, as the hours dragged on, the dreary, lonesome hours, it mounted to his brain, and the queer fancies of approaching delirium carried him to a fairy land peopled by unreal things. He had just sanity enough to keep the chimney fire going, but his little pile of wood dwindled until the last stick was placed on the coals. When, in the afternoon, Carcajou dropped three billets that Umisk had cut down the chimney, Roderick laughed. He was a King in Delirium land, and when he wanted anything all he had to do was pray, and the angels would send it

Sometimes the sticks of wood rolled out on the floor as they clattered down—these the Boy put to one side

"I suppose the angels won't come in the night" he whispered, then laughed. It was a grotesque idea, but the fire was kept blazing. He had no rational thought of eating, when he felt hunger pains he fried a little of the bacon and ate it. Sometimes he made a batter of flour and water, cooking the mixture in a frying-pan over the fire—turning out an almost impossible kind of pancake

"He acts like Wapoos in the spring," Whisky-Jack told Mooswa "laughs, and whistles, and cries, and sobs but he eats, which is a good thing also warm. I never thought that crop eared, hunchback Carcajou had goodness enough in him to do anything for anybody."

"He's like yourself, Whisky-Jack, a bit of a thief—sharp-tongued fellow, I mean" (thief, he was going to say, but checked himself just in time), "and full of queer tricks, but good hearted enough when a comrade is in trouble How long will the fat eating, which is the food of you meat eaters, last the Boy?" Mooswa asked

'Perhaps three days

"Also, is it good food for the sick—is it not too strong? When I am not well there are certain plants that agree with me, and others I cannot touch.'

'Fish would be better," declared Jack with the air of a consulting physician

"I thought so," said Mooswa. "The smell of that bacon at the door almost turned my stomach. If the Man-cub could only eat sweet birch tips, or dried Moose flower—but delicious when well preserved under deep snow. Even unrotted moss would be better for him than that evil scented meat

The Bird laughed. "He, he, he! fancy the Man cub chewing a great cud of mushy grass. Now fish, as I have said, would be just the thing; there's nothing lies so sweet on one's stomach, unless it's butter. Warm roostings' but I wish that cat faced Lynx had been hanged before he found my cache"

"Jack," continued the Moose, "you might ask Nekik or Sakwasew to catch a fish for the Boy; they are all bound by a promise to help take care of him."

"All right," said Jay. "Otter might do it for he's a generous chap, but Sakwasew's a greedy little snip, I think. I never knew a Mink that wasn't selfish"

"I don't know how long we shall have to look after this Man-cub," Mooswa said, when he and Rod and Black King talked the matter over that evening. "François is a good trapper—we all know that to our sorrow—and pities the Boy, for he was years with his father, the Factor, as servant to the company, but still he's a Breed, and if there's any fire-water at the Landing it is hard to say when he may get back; besides, the breath of the mountain that shriveled us all for two days may have got into his heart."

"My pack hunts for three days in the far Boundaries," muttered Blue Wolf

'Why?" asked the King sharply

"In three days I will tell Your Majesty" answered Rod, shutting his jaws with a snap

Well, well," exclaimed Black Fox: "in the Year of Starvation there is no preserve We hunt where we find, and eat where we catch and only the Kit law and the Cub law and the Seventh Year Law of the Wapoos are binding

Blue Wolf disappeared for three days, and for three days Umisk cut wood for the Boy, and Carcajou dropped it down the chimney Mooswa went every day and rubbed his horns against the door The coming of his Moose friend was also a part of the angel care the wounded boy had dreamed into his life His eager joy at even this companionship was pitiable; but it was something to look forward to—something to pull him back out of the deeper levels of delirium world

Nekik, the Otter, caught a fish, at Mooswa's request, and Carcajou dropped it down the chimney

'It will burn," objected Umisk, who was cutting wood

"Then the Boy will find it with his nose" answered Carcajou

After that Roderick asked the angels to bring him fish—it was better to have them They were queer angels, Nekik and Carcajou, but the sick boy got a fish every day

On the third day Blue Wolf returned "I found one of the Men kind down the river" he announced to Mooswa and Black Fox, "he is trapping—alone, I think"

"Well," queried Black King, "what of that?" He had not quite understand

"If we could get him to the Boy I thought he might be well," answered Blue Wolf

Ah! I see!" cried the King. "That is why the pack hunted for three days in the far Boundaries" Wolf growled a deprecating objection

"How far away is he?" asked Mooswa

"Six hours of the chase-lope," answered Blue Wolf

"I could bring him, even as I lead François away when you are not desirous of his company, Your Majesty," said the Moose

"It's a dangerous game" muttered Black Fox. "I don't like it Don't judge the strike of their fire stick you're such a big mark—like the side of a Man shack.'

"I saw the Boy's leg Mooswa, "and it's bigger, with this wound poison, than my nose. Unless he gets help soon he will die"

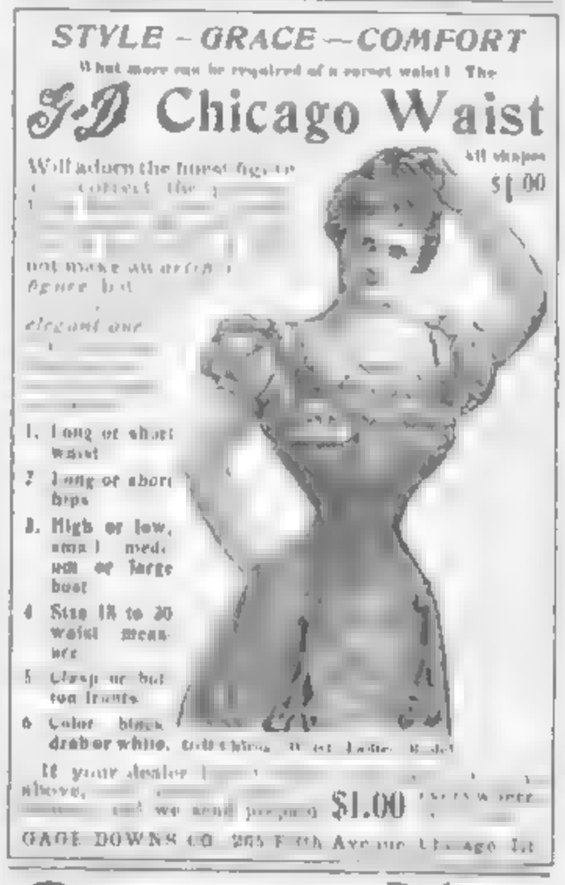
'François should be back in a day or two" declared the King

"He's a Breed," asserted Mooswa "and cares not like the little sticks the Men use when they play cards—something to gamble with"

"The pack could be ready, if the Man pressed too close," suggested Rod

"I do not fear him the first day," continued Mooswa. "Man's speed is always the same and I can judge of it; it is on the second day, when I am tired from the deep snow, that a little rest, too long drawn out, or a misjudged circle with one of the followers traveling wide of my trail, may cause me to come within reach of their fire stick

'Well Your Majesty need not fear Rest Stone Brook in one day," asserted Blue Wolf so perchance you may need help the second. You'll find the Man just below Big Rapids."



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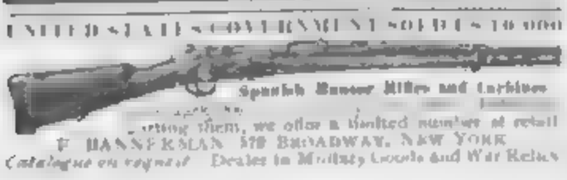

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I'll start to-night," said Mooswa, "for the Boy must get help from his own kind soon With good fortune I may lead this Man to him by the coming of darkness the first day; if not, then Blue Wolf will stand guard on my trail the second

As Mooswa tramped down the wide road-bed of the frozen river, François, up at the Landing, was doing very much as the Bull Moose had feared. He had weathered the blizzard, lying huddled up with his Dogs in the shelter of a cut-bank, not daring to stir even for food till the fury of the icy blast had passed. He had even come to the Landing with a full resolve to go back immediately after he had secured his outfit; but, alas, for the carrying out of it! He was but an easily influenced Half breed. At the Landing were several of his own kind down from Little Slave Lake with the first catch of winter fur With these, the possession of money or goods always meant an opportunity for gambling

François had a "debt credit" at the Hudson's Bay Company's store equal to the value of his needs; any Trapper who has kept his slate clean in the Company's [illegible] can usually get credit for a small [illegible]

When the Half breed had completed his purchase, the Factor tossed him a large plug of smoking tobacco, which was the usual terminal act of a deal in goods in any H. B post. François filled his pipe, sat down by the hot box-stove with its roaring fire of dry poplar-wood, and smoked and spat and [illegible] lated upon the severity of the blizzard, [illegible] regaled the other occupants of the Trading Post with stories of Wolverine's depredations. Suddenly he ceased speaking, held the pipe in his hand hesitatingly, and straightened his head up in a listening attitude. The deep, sonorous, monotonous "tum tum, tum tum, tum-tum" of a gambling outfit's drum-music came sleepily to his acute, listening ear It was like a blast from the huntsman's horn to a fox hound: it tingled in his blood, and sent a longing creeping through his veins

"There goes that Nichie outfit from Slave Lake again," cried the Factor angrily "They've gambled for three nights; if the police were here I'd have a stop put to it."

François tried to close his ears to the coaxing, throbbing, skin covered tambourine [illegible] gambling party's music-maker was hammering that still, frosty night; but his hearing only became acuter, for it centred more and more on the thing he was trying to keep from his mind Even the "Huh, huh! huh, huh! huh, huh' huh, huh!" of the half dozen Indians who sat about a blazing camp-fire, came to him with malevolent fascination

"I t'ink me I go sleep [illegible] knocking the ashes from his pipe [illegible] it in his bead-worked deerskin fire-bag

You'd better pull out sharp in the morning," commanded the Factor; "young MacGregor will be running short of grub before you get back"

"I roun' up ever t'ing to-night," returned [illegible] "an' hit de trail firs' t'ing in de mornin', soor. I make me de s'ack in t'ree days"

Outside, the "tum-tum" called to him pleaded with him like the voice of a siren He would go and sit by their fire just for a little, this Breed reasoned—not play! for more than once he had been stripped to his very shirt when luck set against him

"Huh huh' François' Huh, Boy—welcome!" went round the circle of squatting figures when the Half breed stood amongst them The musician stopped beating his instrument; solemnly each player and onlooker held out a hand and gave François one sharp jerk of greeting. Two rows of men sat facing each other, a big blanket over their knees; room was made for the new arrival

"S'pose I not gamble to-night me," said François hesitatingly

They laughed in astonishment

"S'pose you 'fraid you lose, Man-who saves his money," cried a Saltaux Indian disdainfully

Now a Breed, or an Indian, must not be accused of being afraid of anything, if he be, and submit to it, he is done for all time Half their bravery is due to this same moral cowardice. François hesitated, and the others, ignoring him, drew the blanket over their knees; the player secreted the tokens and drawing forth his hands crossed his arms, always weaving them in rhythmic time to the tum tum. Then the man who guesses in the opposite party indicated with his fingers where he thought the tokens were hidden

It wasn't in human blood to stand out against this thing—not in generations of gambler blood—and François cried, half fiercely, "Make room, brothers! We'll see who's 'fraid"

That was the beginning In the end, which came toward daylight, François had neither grub-stake, nor rifle, nor Train Dogs Time after time he took, in exchange for some asset, a little bundle of red willow counter sticks; time after time the little sticks, some long and some short, dwindled until they were all gone The evil fate that had been his down at the trapping stuck to him in gamb[illegible]

Re[illegible] and half numbed by loss of sleep and a sense of impending disaster, [illegible] on by his despoiled condition, F[illegible] crawled off to a friend's teepee, lay down like a Train Dog, and fell asleep

The eleventh and last of these stories will appear next week.

Young Barbarians—Guerilla Warfare

(Concluded from Page 11)

"Hurrah for the Baillie! Come awa', man, quick, else yir shop will be wreckit. Where ha' ye been? The folk are cryin' oot for ye It's time ye started on the tea and the whiskey. Make way for the Baillie. He's coming to start the auction. Three cheers for Baillie MacConachie!" And the Baillie, limp and dishevelled, amazed and furious, was hustled through the crowd to see the Italian warehouse guarded by the police, and the mob of Muirtown clamoring for tea and whiskey at his hand, while face to face with him stood London John, bearing on his back and breast the seductive advertisement

"It's a brazen lie!" And the enraged Baillie lost all self control as he read the legend on the board. "A low, mean, dirty trick, a deliberately planned fraud It's perfectly iniquitous, in fact, just—just damnable! Bankrupt—who is bankrupt? Is't me?" And the veins on the Baillie's neck swelled visibly. "Who hired ye to carry around the board, ye pestiful creature? If ye don't tell the truth I'll commit ye to jail this very meenut." And the Baillie turned the battery of his wrath upon London John

"It was," replied the Mercury of the Vennel with great composure, "a big, stout man like yirsel', Baillie, that gied me the boards and a shillin'; or, noo that I think about it, he wasna so big: he was a little man, and gey shilpit (thin) about the neck. Dod! I'm no very sure, though, but that it was a woman wi' a red face and a shepherd's tartan plaid; at ony rate, if it wasna her it micht be a bit lassie wi' bare head and feet; and I'm thinkin' noo, Baillie, it was a bit lassikie, for she said to me, 'Have ye ever been in London?' Noo, Baillie, I would like to tell you about London." And if the police had not silenced London John, the Baillie at that moment would have had a fit of apoplexy

The crowd had listened with considerable patience and self-restraint to this conversation, but as soon as the hope of tea and refreshments died away, and they realized that some one had fooled them, they looked out for a victim and settled upon the Baillie

"You should be ashamed of yourself," said Tinkler Tam, standing out from the midst of the crowd, sitting as it were upon the Bench, and sentencing the Baillie in the dock "Ye ought to get a month's hard labor, but aye thing's sure—ye'll no long be a Baillie o' Muirtown It was fearsome to hear ye askin' London John who gave him the shillin' when he describit ye juist as ye are standin'; then the puir body, when ye threatened him, brought in the lassie. Man, though ye're a Baillie and I'm juist Tinkler Tam, I would scorn to mak use of a poor natural that hasna his wits juist to feyd my vanity and gather a crowd round my shop" Then the crowd united in three long groans, and possibly might have shown their indignation in a still more pronounced form, but the police, being further reinforced, drove them along the streets, while the Baillie hid himself in the recesses of his shop

Three minutes later Sprug sauntered into the shop with Howieson and Baildie and demanded a pennyworth of peppermint drops. He also remarked to Jock, as they were being folded up. "If there be as many o' the Baillie's friends callin' at the shop on Monday, I doubt the police will no be able to spare a constable to keep order on the terrace" And as a matter of fact the offensive patrol was withdrawn, and the Seminary resumed possession of the debatable ground

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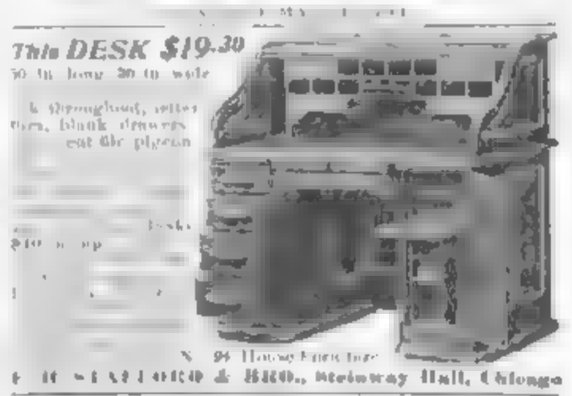

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Literary Folk—Their Ways *and* Their Work

A Critique of Criticism

THE critic—harmless creature—is receiving just now more attention than he deserves or desires. In his loftiest capacity and in his lowliest he is being prodded upon every side; the heights which he fails to climb are pointed out to him with exceeding bitterness, the pitfalls into which he stumbles are made the subject of salutary but somewhat overburdened reproach. A long and laborious book by Mr. Basil Worsfold has been devoted solely to his instruction along serious lines, at the same time that the more active of our periodicals keep urging upon him the fulfillment of simpler duties, and the London Academy openly bewails his neglect of all duties whatever.

In good truth his position is no sinecure. "The unconscious criticism of Nature by the human mind," which is Victor Cousin's definition of art, has been supplemented by the conscious criticism of art by a series of standards more or less elastic, and always open to reproach. Even the serious Mr. Worsfold is a little uncertain as to his standards. He couples Wordsworth and Southey together as England's "most spiritual poets," quite as if they were twins of genius, and he quotes Mrs. Browning's drearlest lines to prove that poets—when duly spiritual—are

> "The only speakers of essential truth,
> Opposed to relative, comparative
> And temporal truths."

If they speak it in verse like this—which sounds more like mathematics than poetry—it is little wonder they have failed signally to make it a popular virtue.

Meanwhile those humble workers in the field who are called reviewers—as apart from critics—and whose souls are unvexed by the conflicting theories of Plato and of Aristotle, come in for their full share of censure. "The practice of attempting verdicts upon new works of literature is still maintained in the ordinary criticism of the journals," says Mr. Worsfold, as though alluding to the survival of some ancient rite, and it is this practice which seems most open to reform. Mr. John Long, writing for one of these journals, is decidedly of the opinion that the ordinary reviewer, when handling any books, however insignificant, "should see, as in a vision, all that has been yet accomplished on the lines followed out by the writer; and should above all things be a perfect grammarian himself and a master of literary analysis." One is tempted to ask with Sancho Panza: "Nothing else, mine honest friend?" Thus, before venturing to pronounce an opinion upon such a book as Mr. Conan Doyle's White Company, the reviewer, says Mr. Long, "ought to be perfectly well acquainted with everything of any consequence that has been done in historical romance"—a large order, when we take into consideration the painful brevity of life. There *are* reviewers—abhorred be their names—who think they are behaving handsomely when they read the book they are going to review, without vexing their souls over the threescore books and ten with which they have no immediate concern.

What throws a really lurid light upon the "ordinary criticism of the journals" is the practice—so frankly exposed by the Academy—of permitting such work to be done by any one who will do it for nothing. Strange though it may appear to the unenthusiastic professional, there are people who like to review books—novels especially—"for fun," which is as though some unshod horse, frisking at pasture, should volunteer to drag a plough for the sake of the experience, and without even the prospect of oats and a stall when his day's work is over. It may be easily conceived that criticisms emanating from these too generous sources are of scant value to readers; and a correspondent of the Academy sadly protests that librarians who buy books—and they are, it would seem, the only people who ever do buy them—on the word of such reviewers, find often that their purchases "would, to say the least, not tend to the elevation of the public taste."

This is always possible. The number of books that tend to the elevation of the public taste is not large, and the fact that the public seldom or never reads them must be depressing to a really earnest librarian. As to the reviewers, their field is a humble one, and they would be the first to decline the responsibility of elevating their fellow-creatures. Criticism in its higher aspect has a supreme educational value. A single lucid phrase of Mr. Pater's will sometimes interpret the essential significance of a book or of a writer; but then, Mr. Pater understood well the Gay Science, which is now so seldom gay. Rather does it threaten to become a dismal science like political economy, because its exponents forget, in the tangle of wordy analysis, that their mission is to help us enjoy that which was given us for enjoyment.

—*Agnes Repplier.*

Anthony Hope Disappointed

Readers of Anthony Hope's latest novel, Quisanté, will find in it a politician who went on with his work when his health forbade it, with results that were fatal. It is a curious coincidence that about three weeks before the book was issued its author was forced by illness to withdraw from a political campaign upon which he was just entering.

Mr. Hope Hawkins had been chosen as the Liberal candidate for Parliament in the Falkirk Burghs, near Glasgow. The parallel with Quisanté goes no further, for all admirers of Anthony Hope's work will be glad to know that his illness, however untimely, is not at all dangerous. He had been kept in London through the hot weather attending the rehearsals of his play, English Nell, which Miss Marie Tempest was producing. After that, ten days in Devonshire, tramping over the Exmoor region, which Blackmore made famous in Lorna Doone, were not sufficient to put him in shape for the hard work of a political campaign.

It may surprise readers of Mr. Hope Hawkins' novels to find him seriously interested in political questions. But in his Oxford days he used to wear a red cravat and his hair long to show that he was a Radical, and ever since he has gone much into political society and kept the freshest interest for political questions.

Rudyard Kipling an Editor

It has probably been the dream of many an up-to-date magazine publisher to get Mr. Rudyard Kipling for an editor. But since his early days in India Mr. Kipling has always been contributor instead of editor. Very few people know that at the time the Idler was founded in London there was a possibility of seeing what he could make of a magazine. The story is Mr. Robert Barr's, as was the idea of the magazine. While "Luke Sharp," of the Detroit Free Press, was fairly well known to British readers, it was feared that they would not recognize him under his real name of Robert Barr.

About this time Mr. Barr ran across Mr. Kipling, to whom he propounded his notion of a magazine dealing almost exclusively with that lighter literature which had come to be known in England as "American humor," and Mr. Kipling consented to edit it. He went so far as to draw up a design for the cover with his own hand. That would make an interesting relic for some admirer of the novelist. Later, finding himself in rather bad health, Mr. Kipling reluctantly broke off the arrangement. Mr. Barr then went to Mr. Jerome K. Jerome, and shortly afterward the Idler appeared.

Doctor Mitchell's Compliment

Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, the famous author, is famous also as a nerve specialist, and ought to be famous as a maker of cleverly turned compliments.

At a reception he met for the first time a well-known Philadelphia lady, and in conversation with her he spoke of his liking for the novel, Cranford.

"I am glad that my memory is such," said he, "that within the space of two years I can completely forget that book, and so have the pleasure of reading it all over again."

The lady to whom he said this did not meet him again until a year or so had passed. She found that he had quite forgotten her, and reminded him of their previous meeting. Then it came to him.

"Ah, madam!" he said. "It is with you as it is with Cranford. I have the ability to forget, and thus I may have all the pleasure of becoming acquainted over again."

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What to Eat to Keep Fit

By Eustace H. Miles, M.A.

FORMERLY LECTURER AND HONOURS COACH AT CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY, ENGLAND

MANY a person believes that he has some secret which will produce universal health. Only the other day I saw a book in which a man maintained that if you chewed whatever you ate, a sufficient number of times, it did not matter what you ate; you could not possibly be ill. My own diet system has no such claims as this. The chief recommendation is that without it I cannot combine hard work and hard exercise; and I may go further and say that I have never been able to do either hard work or hard exercise satisfactorily without it. It is not unlike the diet of the Greeks and Romans when they were at their best.

It consists in taking enough proteid or albumen, and in abstaining from flesh-foods. There are minor considerations but, in my own experience, these two I have found to be most essential.

At Cambridge the commonest fallacy about food for training was that if you ate enough food you were bound to be all right. Some people went further and said that the more you ate the more exercise you could get through. There was no idea of taking the right kind of nourishment, especially proteid and albumen, and there was no idea that it was possible to eat too much, that only a certain amount of food was wanted for a certain amount of work, and that every ounce beyond that was bound to give various organs extra work.

The diet which, after numerous changes and experiments, I have found to be far the best for me, has been the diet free from stimulants. But my idea of stimulants is very different from that of most people, who would take stimulants to mean perhaps tobacco, but certainly alcohol and tea and coffee. Under stimulants I should class two other foods. Sugar I consider to be very little different from alcohol in its effects upon myself.

I do not go any further than to make that statement. But all flesh-foods I consider to contain something—some acid—which is often stimulating.

I shall return to the scientific explanation of this directly. Doctor Haig calls this acid uric acid.

A Diet on Which to Work and to Think

To mention briefly what my own diet consists of: I generally live on biscuit which are made from milk without its butter, sugar or water—that is to say, biscuit which are made out of the proteid or albumen of milk. The kind which I used in England is called the protene biscuit. I find that four or five will last me for four or five hours of the severest work or exercise, or of both. Secondly, I quite frequently take as a change some form of cheese, with bread, preferably graham bread. Thirdly, I find the pulses (pease and beans) very sustaining; and, fourthly, nuts, especially in the form of malted nuts. From these and from some of the grains, not oats, but wheat, I get my proteid or albumen. The other elements of food I get from vegetables and fruits.

On this diet, as I shall show directly, I manage to combine perpetual training with not quite perpetual but very constant and very varied work.

Just now we had a fallacy connected with food: viz., that the amount eaten decided the amount of energy in the body. Another fallacy is that we know nothing for certain about foods, and that what is one man's meat is another man's poison. This is not science, for science tells us that proteid or albumen is no man's poison but every man's meat. The greatest living authorities, including Gamgee and Professor Michael Foster, are agreed that proteid is essential to life. So there is at least one thing that science can tell us with absolute certainty. She cannot tell us the amount of proteid or albumen which an ordinary man requires daily. Many experiments have been made, but they are made, for the most part, on rather curious principles. The various authorities are inclined toward four ounces a day as the right amount. I should prophesy that in future years, when men live more simply and understand the art of living, the average amount will be nearer to one ounce than to four.

There is another thing which science can tell us, and this is not about proteid but about fat. It can tell us on what principle we store up this fat. Science tells us that, if we have too much fat, and if we add to our system no more than we already have, it will gradually burn itself out. It is as if we had a store of coals; we can nearly use them up before we take in a fresh store. But, apparently, it is not so with proteid.

Mistakes in Using Stimulants

It does not need science, but only common-sense, to tell us about stimulants. When the system is working smoothly and up to the mark without stimulants, then it is a mistake to add stimulants, just as it would be a mistake to spur on a horse that is running fast and yet untired—that is to say, unless we need speed for some particular purpose. It would be as great a mistake to pile on the fuel when a train is only required to go twenty miles an hour, and when it could do those twenty miles without any extra fuel at all. Not only would the fuel be wasted, but the machinery would be worn out before its time. Perhaps the human machinery suffers from stimulants to an even greater degree than the machinery of an engine could.

One of the miscellaneous truths which science tells us, is that water is necessary to life, but it should not be taken at or just after meals, because it is sure to weaken the digestive juices. The stomach needs a certain amount of heat, if it is to digest food, and iced water or ice cream will lower this heat and so hinder digestion. We also need a certain amount of fibre as well as water to give bulk to our food. There is a good deal of fibre in apples and vegetables. And we also need certain chemical "salts," as they are called, especially the phosphates, which help to feed the brain and to make the bones. These three elements, water, fibre and "salts," are all to be found in fruits and vegetables, as well as in the fattening and heating materials. Science cannot tell us how much of each we need. She must leave that to personal experience.

And, after all, the most scientific decision is given by the personal experience; the personal experience of one person, and of thousands. I give my own here to start with. The simpler foods certainly do suit me and have suited me for a long time. Under constant pressure of work combined with exercise, or of work alone or of exercise alone, I have been able to change rapidly from many days' hard exercise to many days' hard work, without any very great difference in my diet, and without any feeling of discomfort or fatigue. My former diet was that of most ordinary people, and it used to suit me just about as well as it seems to suit them, and about half or a third as well as my present diet suits me. Any return to the flesh-foods (flesh, fish, fowl) brings back with it almost immediately a return to my old state—that is to say, I get out of training and I feel disinclined to do severe work.

The conclusion from this is not that my diet will suit everybody else, but that it may possibly suit a few or many others, and that it is at any rate worth trying, since it provides one of the very few instances of a person being in perpetual training without any unpleasant sacrifices and with almost constant brain-work. To repeat the outline of the diet in a few words: it consists in abstaining from the flesh-foods, in getting the right amount of proteid or albumen from pure sources every day, and in adding a certain amount of bread, fruit and vegetables. Of all the forms of proteid which I have tried, I have found none so sustaining and so easily digestible as the protene foods, which are a form of casein.

Bad Effects from Fish and Meat

But, many people ask, why should flesh and fish and fowl be bad? They surely are nourishing. Yes, they are nourishing; they have plenty of proteid, and that is the chief reason why we eat them. But they contain something else, which such a food as cheese or protene does not contain. This something else includes what I should call the very essence of tiredness. Whenever an

Editor's Note—This is the second of two papers by Mr. Miles dealing with what are in his opinion the fallacies of athletic training. Mr. Miles' first article appeared in The Saturday Evening Post of October 27.

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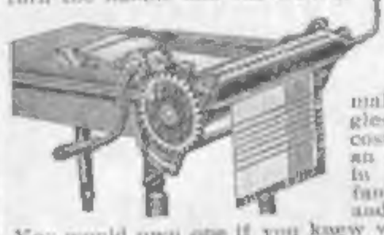

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animal moves its body or any part of its body, and perhaps when it has any thoughts or emotions, there must be a certain amount of waste; a something, whether it be tissue or something else, is being used up. That waste contains a kind of poison which we cannot analyze but which we know to contain uric acid. If, then, we eat the flesh of an animal which has moved, we eat not only the proteid or albumen in that flesh, but also these waste-products, this so-called uric acid; and my personal experience under both forms of diet has in fact never failed to give the same result. When I have induced any of my pupils at Cambridge to try my diet, their experiences have confirmed mine. And all my experiences can be proved. For example, as to brain-work, I have been able to carry on a good many different kinds, giving lectures at Cambridge to over two hundred pupils, writing about ten letters on many days, writing about twenty books, most of which were accepted, and about twenty articles, most of which were also accepted, besides other work, and a good deal of traveling. All this time I was ready to play a match at a moment's notice, and the Field, on more than one occasion, attributed my success simply to my power of endurance; and this, too, although I am not physically in a sound condition.

During all this hard work and hard exercise I felt quite cheerful, and took an interest in more subjects than I used to. I have scarcely known what illness or fatigue means, and I have all the time lived cheaply; for the simpler foods are cheaper than the ordinary foods.

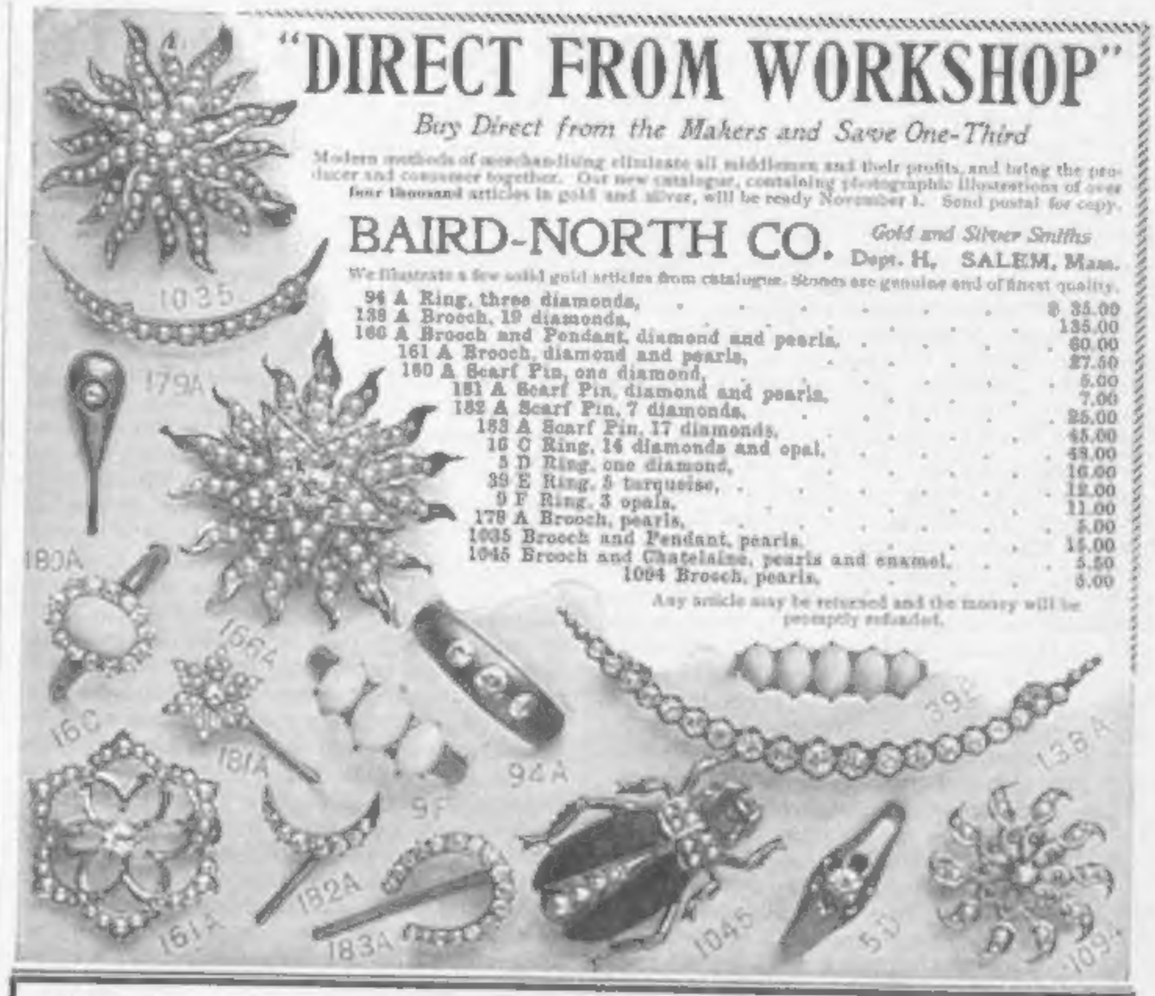
I may add that I started the diet in no feeling of faith. I had no belief in it. I tried it as a mere experiment. When I had started it I was not convinced; I did not believe that the flesh-foods could have any bad effect. I went back to them once or twice, but even a single meal was enough to produce a recurrence of such symptoms as fatigue and restlessness and the desire for alcohol.

In conclusion, then, although I would suggest many reforms in training, I should insist upon one especially as worth a trial in all schools and universities. Besides the practice of relaxation as a special exercise, if it may be so called, besides the general helps to health, such as the air bath, besides the special exercises of the two classes already mentioned in a previous article appearing in these columns, and besides the method of practicing part by part, I should recommend a trial of the simpler foods, a fair trial during which, for some time, the persons in training should abstain from the flesh-foods and get, say, four ounces a day of proteid from other sources.

Last but not least, I should insist on a certain amount of brain-work. There must be elements in food which are meant to be used by the brain at work, and, if these elements are unused by the brain, it is quite possible that they may be positively harmful to the body. Not only should I insist on brain-work, but I should regard a man who felt disinclined for it as a man in bad training. I should regard a system of training which in the least hindered brain-work as a dead failure from many points of view. It yet remains to be seen whether it will be a failure from the point of view of athletics themselves. Hitherto the number of people who have tried a rational and scientific diet of the simpler foods—especially a diet with sufficient proteid—has been very, very small. Many vegetarians who have tried the flesh-less foods have not taken enough proteid, or they have taken foods which disagreed with them and which they might easily have discarded. Still, in spite of the comparatively small number of vegetarians, their successes in the athletic world, especially in competitions of endurance, have been worthy of more notice than they usually receive at the hands of the public.

The question of the choice between the ordinary foods and the simpler foods cannot be fairly judged at present. Until a large number of athletes have tried both systems properly we have not the material for a decision. I do not think there will be any danger in the experiment, and if it be successful I feel sure that those boys or men or women who make the experiment will have done more to reconcile hard work and hard exercise in the same person than any other people in the world.

But let me repeat: what I have said here has only been fragmentary, and only makes the suggestion of a possibility. It asserts very little dogmatically, except that the simpler foods and the other helps which I mention here are at any rate worth a fair trial.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Americans in Paris

A HOT afternoon; the Exposition in full swing; the Seine crowded with boats and swept by tidal waves of music; exotic creatures, suave Orientals draped in white, Russians and fluttering Japanese girls, prettier than flowers, thronging the sunny quays. I left all this and entered the Hall of Congresses. The building is very square and very white. It has an air of being better than its neighbors; perhaps it isn't, but it evidently thinks it is. There were about twelve hundred women in the hall. One of them was speaking. She was a large, earnest woman, in a black dress and a black hat. On the top of the black hat danced three red roses. She was talking a language I know. It was the language of Greater Brooklyn. What she said was: "We demand that woman's work at home—her work in the family as mother, wife or daughter—shall be valued and paid for. You have already heard the resolution to this effect read. It will now be put to the vote."

"But what is this Congress?" I asked.

"The Congress of Woman's Rights."

When the resolution had been adopted I had a moment's chat with the American woman who had put it through. The three red roses danced triumphantly as she talked. The plan, which has been adopted by the women, in Congress assembled, is this. The wife is to be paid for housework by the hour, the price to be one-half of what the husband gains in the same time at his trade or business. Thus the carpenter who gains twenty cents an hour will have to pay his wife ten cents for every hour she spends in housework. It is a pretty, but rather bewildering problem. The man who has a good, caretaking, industrious wife will find himself bankrupt, while the fortunate fellow who has married a lazy girl will save money. I can imagine the dear girl saying sweetly: "My husband is so poor he can't afford to let me do anything in the house, so we have two servants. Some day when he gets richer I hope he'll be able to pay me for washing little Willie's ears—the child certainly needs it. Then I should like to put the children to bed, but that's night-work and double pay, and my husband really can't afford it. So out of economy I don't do anything."

When the famous woman from Greater Brooklyn and her famous colleagues get back to America they will spread the good news, and the day of the wives on half-pay will begin. The only thing I fear is that there may be so *many* silly women, who will love their husbands gratis and comb their youngsters' heads for nothing, that this magnificent project—born in Brooklyn and baptized in Paris—may be retarded for years. And the hard-working Wall Street man, who comes home after a hard day's work; he will complicate matters.

"I worked hard all day darning your neckties," says his dear little wife; "give me half of what you made."

"I will," says the brute; "I lost exactly $1200; fork over $600."

How Mr. Watson Changed Cars

When Mr. Henry S. Watson, the illustrator, landed at Naples, he did not know much about European travel. He had to make some sketches in the villages about Naples and his experiences have filled him with wonder enough for a lifetime. His deft pencil helped him a bit. At one little village inn he tried to get it through the landlord's head that he was to be called early in the morning. He couldn't make himself understood. At last he drew a picture of himself lying in bed, the sun peeping through the window, the clock at the hour of six and the chambermaid knocking at the door. Then it was quite plain and they woke him on the tick.

Archbishop Ireland Honored

Monseigneur Ireland, Archbishop of St. Paul, has a new title. It was handed to him the other day in one of the Paris hotels by Monsieur Cambon, the French Minister to Washington. You might stand on one foot half a day without being able to guess the Archbishop's new title. Well, then, he is a Commander of the Legion of Honor—the famous order founded by Napoleon to honor his dare-devil soldiers. Archbishop Ireland is not the only American who wears the red rosette. General Horace Porter, Mr. Bellamy Storer, Minister of the United States at Madrid, Mr. Whitelaw Reid and many another bear him company. The Cross of the Legion of Honor has not always been well bestowed. Indeed, in the last few years it has not only been given to honored and distinguished men but has been scattered broadcast among scheming financiers and political adventurers; perhaps this can't be helped—every good thing has its evil side.

The same day that Archbishop Ireland was decorated the village of Bazeilles, near Sedan, was authorized to put in its civic arms the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

This heroic little village, which ranks with Lexington, has waited thirty years for its reward. You may remember the story of that episode in the Franco-German war—I must admit it stirs me like a trumpet-call, this story of noble and useless heroism.

The French troops guarding the railway bridge at Bazeilles had been driven back; they were ordered to retreat along the national road leading from Metz to Paris. The little village was left alone to bear the brunt of Von der Thann's oncoming Germans. Six times the village was taken; six times the villagers—old men and women, armed with the weapons they had taken from the dead—drove the Germans out. The village priest, though he took no part in the fight, organized a regiment of children who collected the cast-away guns and munitions of the Germans. The village schoolmaster, an old man who knew his Cæsar's Commentaries, organized the battle. Six times the victorious German army, sweeping on to Sedan, was stopped by these heroic villagers. The seventh time they blazed a way of death through the little hamlet, killing combatants and non-combatants, men, women and children; and so they reached Sedan, where the false, foreign and financial empire of Napoleon III met the fate it deserved.

At the very end of the village street was a stone house known as the Maison Bourgerie. Here it was that a few of the French made the last stand. You have seen the house in De Neuville's famous picture of The Last Cartridges, and you know the story. Germany has always protested that her troops had a right to kill those non-combatants—old men, schoolboys, women, young girls and little children—because the whole nasty brood had taken up arms against them. Unquestionably the rules of war permit the punishment of civic courage of this sort; more than three New England villages and one village in New York suffered from this rule of war in the days of a forgotten revolution; but it seems to me that no Government can do better than honor this courage that spends itself for the country. They'll rest no easier in their graves, these men, women and children of Bazeilles, who died in 1870, merely because the Cross of the Legion of Honor figures in the arms of the town; but you and I, who are alive, will feel that patriotism is better worth while—and that is something; always, my brothers, it is something.

If you doubt it, ask Archbishop Ireland, for he belongs to the Legion of Honor.

—*Vance Thompson.*

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